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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received various pieces of poetry, for which we thank the authors respectively. Some few are good, and will be inserted ; but the majority bear few marks of inspiration.

"Fabricius" must excuse our refusal of his "weary length" of song. The opinions of friendly critics are not always sincere. If they had been we should not have been importuned by F's. first letter, much less by his second.

"St. Martin's Eve" in our next. Will the author oblige us with a call?

Some MSS. are lying at the office for their respective owners. With respect to several MSS., concerning which repeated inquiries have been made at the office, we cannot be responsible for their recovery, as the M. M. six months ago was in different hands. The present proprietor and editor beg to assure their correspondents that every possible care will be taken of their papers.

Erratum in our September Number.

In the article "British Museum," our correspondent, when speaking of the Bridgewater legacy to this national institution, asserted that Sir H. Ellis and Mr. Forshall divided between them the sum left to pay a separate librarian. For Sir H. Ellis he should have said Sir F. Madden, who, with Mr. Forshall, shares the income of the hitherto unappointed officer.

RUSSIA, AS IT REALLY IS, AND NOT AS IT IS COMMONLY REPRESENTED.

OF all the European states, the Ottoman empire excepted, Russia is undoubtedly the least civilized, the least peopled, and the most despotically governed; its heterogeneous, semi-barbarous, and lawless inhabitants are justly regarded as the modern Vandals and Huns of the north, and its rulers have for centuries been if not worse, certainly not much better, than the Genseric and the Attilas of old.

In fact, until Peter the Great was placed on the throne of the Muscovite czars, Russia was scarcely considered as an European state of any rank, and its vast uncultivated and frosty dominions were almost unknown to the rest of the civilized world. Peter therefore, with all his brutal crimes and vices, was the first Russian autocrat, who scattered among his subjects a few seeds of civilization; and having with great difficulty introduced order and discipline into the military department, he organized the Muscovite army by the European tactics, and thus imparted some lustre to his empire.

When the brave, but crazy-brained Swedish monarch Charles XII. was completely routed and defeated at the battle of Pultawa, Peter availed himself of that advantage by wantonly seizing Livonia, Ingria, Finland, and great part of the Swedish Pomerania; and by his so doing the gulf of Finland, and the Baltic were opened to his subjects. Having afterwards called to his aid many able and clever foreigners, Peter, with zeal and perseverance, undertook to reform some of the greatest abuses which had heretofore existed in his dominions; but unfortunately all his improvements had only one end in view, self-aggrandisement and the promotion of the absolute power of the Muscovite czars. It is true that he in some measure lessened the hardships of some millions of slaves; but in the mean time he took good care to reserve for himself and his successors the inhuman right of disposing both of them and of their masters according to the absolute will and pleasure of a despot.

The czarina, Catherine II., whose extraordinary character is stained with the basest crimes, must be considered after Peter the greatest

potentate of Russia, because she greatly contributed by her example and exertions to the spreading of European civilization amongst the Russians, and to the promotion of science, literature, and arts. Being besides well-stocked with ambition, and vigorously seconded by the famous Souwarrow, and Potemkin, she vastly extended her dominions, and through aggression, violence, and devastation, at length completed the conquest of Poland and the Crimea, after having lighted up nearly half Europe with the conflagration of war. It was under this wonderful empress also that the Russian fleet formed by Peter first sailed round Europe, ruled for some time in the Archipelago, and more than once threatened the conquest of Egypt. Under Catherine, therefore, Russia began to be ranked among the great military nations; but its influence and power rested chiefly on its intriguing and cunning policy.

When Napoleon became the uncontrouled despotic military ruler of France, and the *self-appointed protector* of the civilized part of Europe, Russia under Alexander, instead of making useless conquests was somewhat improving its natural resources by different kinds of culture and many valuable productions, and when it took any active part during the numerous wars of the French empire, it was always either as an ally of, or supported by, some other powerful military power; and even then its armies seldom obtained any signal advantage on the field of battle, but on the contrary were often dreadfully beaten, as at Austerlitz, Jena, Ostralenka, Friedland, &c. &c.

After the downfall of the most enterprising and ambitious general and despot of modern Europe, when Alexander had become the leader of the Holy Alliance of the Northern Potentates, Russia *all of a sudden* was not only transformed into the most powerful nation of the world, but was also gravely represented as capable of attaining to universal military supremacy; and then the alarm, with which republican and imperial France had heretofore inspired Europe, was henceforth inspired by the Russian autocrat.

This unaccountable notion of the overwhelming greatness of Russia was in all probability purposely propagated by some interested political writers, the secret enemies of general civilization, freedom, and independence; and the Russian cabinet was not displeased at being so much overrated in the estimation of Europe.

However, since the present Russian autocrat, through the famous Diebitch Sabalkansky and the brutal Paskièvitch Erivansky, has

obtained some partial advantages over the uncivilized nations of Asia, the Persians, and the Turks, the malady of Russo-phobia has reached so great a height, that a credulous portion of the British nation has been infected by its influence, and this infection seems to be on the increase in consequence of some alarmists, who for the last two years have been so warmly and so repeatedly declaiming against the *future universal supremacy of Russia*, both through the public press and in the English senate, and in consequence what is in truth only a *chimerical supposition*, has almost become a *reality* in the opinion of not a few Englishmen:—and thus Russia is at present the *Great Bug-bear* of England.

We beg to be allowed to relate here an *à propos* anecdote which happened in Paris in 1831.

One evening in a political circle, some French gentlemen tainted with Russo-phobia seriously discussing the subject of the projected *universal supremacy* of that country, by their plans, reasonings, and stratagems, proved to their own satisfaction, that within half a century from that period Russia would not only conquer the whole of Asia-Minor, the Persian and Turkish dominions, and the Anglo-Indian possessions, but that it would also completely subjugate the south and west of Europe. General Lamarque, who was present, did not utter a word during the debate, but having been asked his opinion, said—"Messieurs, tout éveillé que vous êtes, il me semble qu'un Cauchemer Russe vous fait déraisonner : ce que vous supposez de la future toute puissance de la Russie est tout-à-fait impossible."

We will not give the same laconic answer to the English alarmists; but we will endeavour to prove that Russia *can never* become so formidable a power as to be an object of dread either to free and industrious England, or to the civilized continent of Europe.

We acknowledge that during the last and the present century Russia has greatly extended her dominions both in Asia and Europe; we admit that the cabinet of St. Petersburg is intriguing, cunning, deceitful, and ambitious; and we do not deny that if the conquest and oppression of the whole world depended solely on the will and pleasure of the Russian autocrat, the dreadful and brutalising era of the middle ages would again soon be renewed. Still in the present advanced state of liberty and civilization of the English and French nations, which possess the right of constitutionally controuling and even directing the acts of their governments, neither the stratagems

of the Russian cabinet, nor the will of the Muscovite despot can succeed; because Russia of 1836, according to our opinion, is neither stronger nor richer than it was in 1812, notwithstanding its new conquests in Asia and its *smuggled* possession of the unhappy duchy of Warsaw:—and now we will briefly submit to our readers, why we think that all dread of the future power of Russia and of its military sway is quite chimerical and paradoxical.

Let us at first dispassionately examine the disproportionate geographical extent of the Russian empire, its vast uncultivated and almost deserted tracts of territory, the scantiness and heterogeneous mixture of its semi-barbarous inhabitants, differing in manners, language, and religious creed, its natural poverty, and the brutalizing system of its government; and then we may reasonably form a just estimate of its real power.

According to the best geographers the Russian dominions spread over an area of about 7,000,000 of British square miles; but within these stupendous limits scarcely *sixty millions* of inhabitants are contained, and supported with great difficulty. The Russians are divided into four classes,—I. the NOBLES, who are the *slaves* of the Autocrat, but the *tyrannic irresponsible masters* of the life and property of their vassals,—II. the CLERGY, who *worship* and teach their flocks to *worship* the Autocrat, who according to their catechism is *a God upon the earth*,—III. the BURGHERS, or merchants, over whom the emperor has the *divine right* of life, and property, whenever it may be his pleasure to take both or either of them, notwithstanding that they are *freemen* and can possess landed property,—IV. the PEASANTS, or rather the *slaves* and *serfs* of the crown, and the nobility, who enjoy nearly the same privileges that the cattle and other animals enjoy in other civilized countries. According to Malte Brun this class amounts to nearly *thirty-six millions*.

To keep in subordination his diversified conquered subjects, and to protect the frontiers of his empire, the autocrat is obliged in time of peace to maintain a standing army of 500,000 men, and during war nearly 800,000; and such was its size at the epoch of the gigantic but imprudent invasion of Russia by Napoleon. Some writers, however, assert that the autocrat can raise an army of above a million of soldiers; but they do not explain in the mean time *how he could keep it?* Certainly not with the resources of his finances, even if all the military colonies established by Alexander towards the south of

Russia at the instigation, and after the plan of General Araktschief were to be put in activity without any additional expense. But let us suppose that he could both raise and keep such an army, if we look at the extent of the Russian frontiers on the side of Europe, the distances and the points that can be attacked, we shall be convinced that even with a million of soldiers the Czar is not proportionately so strong as the other continental powers.

The Russian navy both under Alexander and Nicholas has been certainly much improved and encreased; and it must be acknowledged that Russia holds indeed at present a secondary rank amongst the maritime powers; but out of the Baltic and Black Seas its fleets could not contend with any success against the other maritime nations.

With regard to his merely financial resources there is little doubt that the autocrat of all the Russias may be considered the *poorest potentate of Europe*, notwithstanding his sixty millions of subjects, and his 7,000,000 square miles of territory; and in this wretched state the Muscovite czars will continue as long as their subjects remain in their present moral condition.

Having so far exposed the present real state of Russia, let us now see whether past historical events cannot safely guide us through the labyrinth of false inductions and absurd suppositions which have been lately advanced with regard to Russia.

All the resources of Russia, both defensive and offensive, were certainly put to the test when Napoleon threatened its subjugation in 1812. Let us therefore historically examine how the Russian autocrat of that epoch intended to defend his empire and repulse the French aggressors after having had nearly *two years warning*.

The Russians were informed by numerous proclamations of the project of Napoleon, and their patriotism was energetically excited against the French. The Muscovite clergy supported this appeal of Alexander by preaching a crusade against Napoleon and his army. England not only supplied the Russian army with arms and ammunition, but increasing her national debt, filled the rusty coffers of the Russian treasury with gold. However, after having employed all means in its power, it was at length with great difficulty that Russia succeeded in concentrating a respectable army on its attacked frontier, which was commanded by two able generals, Barclay de Tolly and Bragation. Before Witepsk the Russians seemed willing to oppose the Imperial army of France; but at the approach of Napoleon

they suddenly decamped and retreated on Smolensko. There they were soon rejoined by the French, who naturally expected to meet with great opposition; but when both armies were almost within sight, and all predicted a decisive encounter, the Russians again disappeared leaving Smolensko strongly fortified. On the 18th of August the French attacked this bulwark of the Russian empire, on the 19th took it by assault, and on the 21st 120,000 French troops entered Russia following the retreating army. At last, the Cossack Kutusoff having been appointed general-in-chief, the Russians took a strong and formidable position between the Moskowa and Borodino, supported by the fortified heights of Grecki and Semenoskoï, and having assembled on the field of battle 150,000 combatants, prepared themselves to fight. On the 7th of September Napoleon at the head of 80,000 of his troops, engaged in battle, and completely defeated them, without having recourse to his body guards, which consisted of 20,000 men. Here we stop to remark, that at Borodino the Russians were almost in the centre of their dominions and surrounded by all their resources. We do not speak of the disastrous result of that memorable campaign, because it was not owing either to the skill of Kutusoff, or to the military power of Russia, but entirely to the premature inclemency of the climate and to fortuitous circumstances not to be averted by the genius even of the greatest general.

Let us now turn our views towards the Balkan, where we shall find the best Russian general Diebitch heading the flower of the Muscovite and Polish army, and advancing against the Turks much his inferiors both in number and discipline. Well, the Russians having there met with unexpected opposition, were on the eve of being defeated by the Turks for want of means of carrying on their military operations, and were actually obliged to make two campaigns in order to accomplish the subjugation of two small provinces. Here again we stop, and from Adrianople we beg our readers to accompany us to witness in Persia the almost immortal prowess of Paskievitch Erivansky and his army. Here again we discover that the Russians, being more than double in number, and much better equipped than their opponents, employed nearly fifteen months to wrest from the schah of Persia the province of Erzeroum.

With regard to the Russian fleet we have very little to say, and it is a fact, that without the English and French co-operation, the

Ottoman fleet at the battle of Navarino would have swallowed up Admiral Ricord and all his naval forces.

We must now call the attention of our readers to a very important event. Every body is acquainted with the Polish insurrection of 1830, when the brave but unfortunately rash and imprudent inhabitants of the duchy of Warsaw rose in arms to regain their national independence. Well, here we find a population of less than four millions of souls, without any pre-concerted plan, and with very scanty financial and military resources, but supported by their patriotism and valour, shaking the yoke of the autocrat, and often defeating the best Russian troops commanded first by Diebitch, and afterwards by Paskievitch for nearly twelve months, and placing almost in danger the stability of the Russian autocrat both in Little Russia, and in the whole of the Russo-Polish provinces.

We have dwelt perhaps rather prolixly on these historical facts; but they are important, as they demonstrate almost mathematically that Russia is not so formidable a military power as the alarmists are pleased to suppose.

Besides the wonderful changes which have taken place of late years in Europe, both with regard to the institutions and dynasties of several countries, prove that the diplomatic influence of Russia is not so great as it is commonly supposed to have been. Had it been otherwise would Nicholas ever have permitted the expulsion from the throne of France of his beloved Bourbons of the restoration? Would he have allowed Louis Philippe to support the Belgians in establishing their independence and their separation from Holland, and thus deprive his own sister's children of the future possession of Belgium? Had Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo been so clever and so powerful in diplomatical influence, would they have suffered with impunity the downfall of their dear protégé Don Miguel of Portugal, and what is still worse, the establishment of constitutional institutions in that country? Had the Russian tyrant been truly formidable, would he have tolerated the proclamation, acknowledgment, and establishment of Isabella II. as Queen of Spain, surrounded with liberal institutions, instead of his cousin despot Don Carlos, who by this time must have already drawn large subsidies out of the private purse of his Imperial Majesty? No, no such a thing. The will and wish of Nicholas are against all that has happened; but he cannot help his friends for want of means.

But we shall very probably be told that what we have advanced is mere nonsense, since Russia, notwithstanding our little dread of her military and diplomatical power, is at present in a position easily to effect the submission of the whole of the Ottoman and Persian dominions, and that then its supremacy over all the European states will soon be realized. To these specious suggestions we could answer by saying that, although we admit that the Russians by cunning and diplomatic intrigues may continue to dictate some partial measures to the Grand Seignior and to the Persian Schah, it would be very difficult and almost impossible for them to conquer entirely the Turks and the Persians. However, for the sake of showing that the arguments of the Russian alarmists are not so impregnable as they think, we will grant that Russia in course of time, nay, within a few years from the present day, either by conquest or by any other means, will become the absolute mistress both of Turkey and Persia. What then? Will any man of sound sense, acquainted with the internal state and with the finances of the Russian empire, be so silly as to believe that Russia could then attain to *universal supremacy*? But we will go still further by allowing to Russia the conquest of Norway and Denmark, thus giving her the command of the Dardanelles and the Sound. Even then, we are convinced, that Russia would not be better situated nor stronger than it is at present, while *England and France alone* are enjoying the blessings of liberal institutions, and making great progress towards general civilization, industry, and commerce. In fact, the English and French navy, backed by the wealth of their nations, would very soon put an end to the universal supremacy of the Russian Czar, without even attempting either to foment the insurrection of the numerous dissatisfied and oppressed Russian provinces, or to attack her frontiers by land.

As for Russia ever being able to exercise its absolute brutal supremacy over the whole west and south of Europe, we boldly say, that it is *utterly impossible*; nay, we assert also with confidence, that were the Russian autocrat to lose by some means or other the existing friendly interested alliance and support of his powerful neighbours, the despots of Austria and Prussia, his northern European dominions would be soon reduced to the size which they possessed when Catherine II. succeeded to her mysteriously murdered husband, and very probably to a *smaller size*. Besides we think that if Russia

alone were in course of time to undertake a war of conquest either against Austria, or against Prussia, its armies would find it a very difficult task to obtain any substantial advantage over either of them, if they would not be completely beaten; and every sensible man, who has any knowledge of the Austrian and Prussian military resources, organization, and discipline, and of their facility of being able to concentrate on a given point within a short period of time large corps of troops, will easily be of our opinion.

With regard to the fear entertained by some that Russia when once possessed of Turkey and Persia will certainly invade and conquer the Anglo-Indian dominions, we must say that those who gravely listen to such rumours are either out of their senses or know very little of the obstacles which lie between Persia and Hindostan; obstacles which the Russians could never overcome unless an extraordinary change takes place both in their financial and military resources, because we have already demonstrated how precarious has always been their situation whenever they have been engaged in a long war. To conquer Hindostan through Persia, the Russians must necessarily employ numerous military forces, which would be compelled to march during at least twelve months through the barbarous and poor tribes of Afghanistan, across deserted and sterile lands, and over high mountains where there is not the smallest hope of finding the means of providing for the wants of a great invading army, which after all its sufferings would at its arrival on the frontiers of Hindostan find a strong and well-disciplined Anglo-Indian army prepared to annihilate the weary and famishing invaders. Away then with those dreaming alarmists to whom alone Russia owes her present supposed greatness, and her *future universal supremacy*.

We conclude by remarking with Machiavelli, that the real power of an empire does not consist either in its territorial extent or in the number of its inhabitants, but on its wealth, civilization, and commerce; and, above all, on the *compactness* of its resources, and *homogeneity* of its inhabitants. Instead, therefore, of our having any real apprehension from the past aggrandisement and encroachments of the Russian empire, we foresee in consequence of them the seeds of the future dissolution of the Muscovite despotism, which, we affirm with gratitude and pleasure, cannot continue as it is, so long as civilization is rapidly progressing throughout Europe and on the American continent.

DRAWING ROOM LYRICS.

HUSBAND HUNTING.

I'LL pack up all my finery,
 My jewels, lace, and all ;
 I'll go a husband hunting,
 To Bombay or Bengal.
 I've shown off at every concert,
 I've danced at every ball ;
 No lover comes, and off I'll go,
 To Bombay or Bengal.

I've tried all schemes a swain to get,
 But I no swain can win ;
 I've taken trips the country round,
 But I can take none in.
 Each morning passes off, I find,
 Without a single call ;
 I'm tired out,—and off I'll go,
 To Bombay or Bengal.

Yes, I'll go to the Indies straight
 And wed some sallow elf,
 Whose gold rupees have charms for me
 More tempting than himself.
Here, beauty is a frightful drug,
 But *there* 'tis sought by all,
 And I'll be in the market soon,
 Of Bombay or Bengal!

R. R.

EPIGRAM.

MARIA's like a clock they say ;
 Unconscious of her beauty
 She regulates the live-long day,
 Exact in ev'ry duty.

If this be true, such self-command,
 Such well-directed pow'rs,
 Oh ! may her little *minute* hand
 Become a hand of *hours*.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM reason and observation we are led to infer that every creature has its share of joy, and is no less certain than his fellow of undergoing his allotted portion of sorrow. Such at least is the universal opinion, and it cannot be denied that in hours of the most placid ease or extatic enjoyment, we are not unfrequently awakened from our dream of happiness to the recollection of misfortunes which belong to human nature, and I believe that the cloud which then overshadows our spirit derives as much of its darkness from our sympathy with the woes of others, as from that more selfish feeling which would lead us to pay exclusive regard to our own destiny in the chequered mazes of life.

I believe that I may say of those who have themselves felt the miseries known to others by mere description, that their dispositions are softened by misfortune, and that they are rendered more compassionate by the sense of suffering which they have themselves endured. To use the metaphor of an eastern poet, "the sandal tree sheds its perfume on the axe that wounds it." To these I dedicate my tale.

The story I am about to relate is one which aroused in my own bosom feelings of the deepest pity and commiseration, and although its catalogue of miseries is not relieved by any pleasurable incidents, as we most of us derive a melancholy gratification from hearing of the griefs of our fellow-men, I am not aware that any excuse is needed for the unvarying gloom in which its details are shrouded.

In one of those beautiful towns which dot the southern coast of our island, I made some stay in the course of a tour through the western counties of England. It was here that I saw the heroine of my story at one of the annual balls which attract all the fair denizens of the neighbourhood. Adela Mowbray was then in her eighteenth year, her stature was of that middle height which exquisite art has chosen for its beau ideal of feminine beauty, her dark blue eyes were fringed with long and silken eye-lashes, her glossy hair, which vied in blackness with the plumage of the raven, fell in thickly clustered ringlets upon her shoulders; the polished forehead, the Grecian mouth, bordered as it was with lips of the purest vermillion, added to the exquisite symmetry which was displayed in the formation of her limbs, were such that having once looked upon their beauty it was not without difficulty that the eyes were withdrawn from their gazing. But as she was the most lovely of the many beautiful forms which graced that assembly, so also it was easy to perceive that she was the least happy. Her manner was not without cheerfulness, but it appeared to be the result of a painful effort, and the hectic spot that flushed her pale cheek seemed to tell that an inward melancholy, "passing show," had taken possession of her heart, and that as the soul was crushed by the weight of sorrow, so the body was soon to follow in the race of destruction. Her appearance, in good sooth, did not belie her situation, for death had already laid his icy hand upon her. There was something so uncommon and interesting in the pensive gaiety, if I may use such an expression, of this angelic creature, that

I made such enquiries concerning her as were in my power, and one of those good-natured gossiping old ladies, to whom the affairs of every one else are more important than their own, furnished me with the outlines of her history.

Sir Robert Mowbray was the last male representative of a long line of noble ancestors, and the immense estates which by inheritance and bequest had centred in him were the magnificent appanage of this his only daughter. He was the proudest scion of a proud stock, and although his haughtiness was never shown in overbearing conduct to his inferiors, it was not the less deeply seated in his bosom. The rector of one of the parishes belonging to Sir Robert, and in which he usually resided, was his most intimate, perhaps his only intimate, friend. The connection had begun during their residence at college, and these ties, as they had not been broken by years of separation, were therefore drawn more closely together; and the similarity of their circumstances, each of them having been early deprived of the beloved partners of their fortunes, added not a little to the strength of their friendship. Mr. Clifford, such was his name, had a son and only daughter, of nearly the same age as Adela, in whose society she passed the greater part of her time. They were brought up together, and received their instructions from the same masters; in fact, they were hardly ever separated. This intimacy between the two young ladies was of course the means of bringing William Clifford very frequently into the presence of Adela. As he was by no means destitute of personal advantages, and was endued with an uncommon share of intellect, which he well knew how to render available in conversation, it is not surprising that his fascinating manners should have made a deep impression on the mind of his young friend; and the attentions which he paid her were the more calculated to rivet her attachment that the retired habits of her father prevented her from frequently meeting with the same assiduous respect from others which pervaded the conduct of her admirer, and the friendship in which their intimacy had commenced was shortly superseded by the more dangerous bonds of love. He too, with the unthinking rashness of youth, had yielded to the impulse of passion, and forgetting the distance which fortune had set between him and the adored of his heart, thought only of how he might draw her affections more closely around him, and, perhaps, indulging a species of selfishness the most excusable, if that vice ever admits of apology, regarded only his present enjoyment and the possible fulfilment of his aspiring hopes to the neglect of her future happiness and his own peace of mind. The presence of his sister, though it was a cover for their frequent meetings, was yet a restraint upon their conduct, and might have prevented the evils which I have to relate. But death, who with an unsparing hand crops the spring blossom as well as the ripe fruit, summoned her to an early tomb, and the affections of Adela which before had been divided between the brother and sister, were now centred in one object. Their meetings were not now less frequent than formerly, but they were not so public. They were forced to snatch those hours by stealth in which they communed together, and the secrecy they were obliged to observe, the danger

and mystery of these meetings, and their necessarily lonely character, were not calculated to wean their young hearts from this ill-advised connection. Notwithstanding their caution, they were not able to elude discovery, and the surprise and shock which it occasioned their parents was not a little increased by its being totally unexpected.

The friendship which Sir Robert felt for Mr. Clifford was not extended with so lavish a hand to his children; and if he had been the tenderest and most amiable of fathers, could not have been otherwise than displeased at so untoward an alliance. The very moderate prospects of the young Clifford were not such as entitled him to think for a moment of uniting himself to the heiress of the Mowbray's; and if he had ever in his cooler moments entertained such a hope, it must have had, even to his sanguine temperament, only the appearance of a fading vision, a dream so indistinct and undefined, that the mind of man could not look forward to its accomplishment without incurring a suspicion of insanity.

I have said that the most affectionate and forgiving of parents would not have felt flattered by such a discovery. Judge then of the effect which it produced on the mind of the haughty Mowbray. He insisted on the immediate removal of young Clifford, nor could his father make any reasonable objection to this requisition of parental jealousy. He was destined for the law, and previously to his entering upon the actual study of that arduous profession it was thought fit that he should graduate at one of our universities. He was forthwith sent to Cambridge, and amid the mathematical sons of Granta he soon forgot the sorrows of separation; at least the pangs that he at first suffered were deadened by the dissipation of his gayer hours, or by the close reasoning which was necessary for his more serious occupations.

Not so the fair object of his vows and protestations. Man has many ways of employing his mind; many paths in which he may tread, free from the seductive blandishments of love. Ambition, interest, and glory, are to him such powerful incentives that the softer passions are merged and drowned in the more lofty sensations excited by the former. But woman, excluded as she is from all these views of honour and advancement, is taught by nature to cherish the more amiable feelings of humanity. Her heart is more open to the tender impressions of love, and is so much more capable of retaining them that they are scarcely ever effaced from the tablet on which they have been once imprinted. He who first received her virgin affections has them and holds them even in the grave. It is but too true that she loves once and for ever.

Adela had loved too intensely and too entirely to forget the object on which she had bestowed her heart. She made no attempt to soften the dictum of her father, for she knew him to be unrelenting as he was proud. "Concealment preyed on her damask cheek," and she was fast sinking into the grave, a victim of unguarded passion. It was some months after the *eclaircissement* I have mentioned that I saw her, and I was told that this was the first time she had been seen in public since her parting with her lover. Nay, that she was here only in the faint hope of catching one glance of him for whom she

had abandoned all her prospects of grandeur, and was soon to give a more melancholy proof of the constancy of her attachment. He was not there, and she returned home sad and sick at heart, borne down by the weight of former grief and present disappointment.

The remainder of the story I learned at my return to the university from a common friend of Clifford and myself. Shortly after I had seen her she fell into a rapid decline, and the physicians who were called in by her miserable parent could give him but faint hopes of her recovery. Diseases of the mind are beyond the power of the most subtle remedies, and the skill of the acutest mediciner cannot administer consolation to a broken spirit. They could but recommend the removal of the cause of her malady, and even then the chance of her amendment was but trifling. A drowning man will catch at a straw for support, so strong is the principle of hope within us, and the distracted father immediately sent an express to Clifford to summon him to her presence. But his consent to Adela's union had not been wrung from him till it was too late to preserve her. She lived, however, till Clifford arrived in breathless haste at her father's bidding. Nor had she lost all consciousness, for when he approached the couch on which her extended form was laid, her eye seemed to recover its wonted brightness, and her thin lips moved as if in thanksgiving for the bliss that was permitted her in her parting moments. As the warm tears fell on her cheek from the eyes of her disconsolate lover she heaved a faint sigh. He clasped her frantically to his bosom, but her pure spirit had flitted from its earthly tenement and he embraced but the corpse of his once beautiful Adela.

Courteous reader, whosoever thou mayest be, smile not at my tale nor discredit that which appears to thee an idle romance. I have seen and spoken with the unfortunate Clifford. The flowers are scarcely withered which he hung over the grave of his beloved, nor has the grass yet grown on the damp clods that cover her mouldering remains.

M. T. S. R.

SONNET,

ON READING MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD'S "ION."

Not from the troubled fountains of cold pride,
 Not from the angry waves of sullen hate,
 Not from the boastful vauntings of high state
 Does thy sweet inspiration, Talfourd, glide.
 Sweetness and gentle truth walk side by side
 Along a world where nought is desolate,
 Nought clouded. Evil casts its outward case,
 And the obscured good shoots a mild ray
 The observer's eye had missed, the purer trace
 Of nature dimmed, but not lost in decay.
 The world-worn looks upon his trial-place
 With milder patience, guiled by thy pure lay
 To feel a music he had failed to mark,
 To drink in light, where all before lay cold and dark.

A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.*

A fabric huge,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury.

MILTON.

St. Peter's at Rome!—Who that has been to Rome, does not talk about St. Peter's? And who that talks about it can say any thing that has not been said a hundred times before? From a sense of diffidence and modesty, we would willingly leave the subject in the hands of past, as well as future travellers, but the thing is impossible. "What! profess to have been at Rome and say nothing of St. Peter's! Perhaps the man staid there a whole winter and never entered it! Such instances have been heard of." Yes, ungentle reader, I did see it, and did study it, and did admire it; and, as you expect me to do so, I shall sufficiently bore you with the subject, and give you full measure of the usual remarks, that it looks so small though it is so large, that it is like the elephant at Bartholomew fair, measuring so many feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and twice that number from the end of the tail to the tip of the snout, that the marble doves there are very like turkeys, and that the sculptured cherubs holding holy water, resemble the deceased Daniel Lambert, Esq., that the bare-footed friars come in with very dirty feet, that the Cardinals look like Zamiel in *Der Freischutz*, and that by an extraordinary coincidence, the Pope bears no resemblance whatever to the Archbishop of Canterbury. All these things are undoubtedly true, and being so, it is not necessary to enlarge upon them; but as we *must* act as cicerone to St. Peter's, we may perhaps be allowed, like other persons of that class, to set about it in our own way.

Let us then start from home, and begin our morning's walk from our place of residence. We are lodging on the Monte Pincio, the neighbourhood of which is generally selected by English visitors, as a temporary abode during their continental wanderings. The morning, as usual, is inviting; let us breakfast early and set out in good time, for we have a long walk before us.

First we must descend that handsome flight of steps which are the terror of all Rome. Instantly that the shades of evening come over them, they are proscribed and avoided. Robbery and assassination are the crimes reputed to lurk upon their slope, and to lie in ambush

* The writer of this article takes the liberty of suggesting to the reader, who does not mind a little trouble, that a good plan of Rome will considerably assist him in forming a clear idea of the contents of the following pages.

behind their jutting angles; the prudent, or the timid, will make a circuit of half-a-mile rather than ascend or descend them after night-fall. I have, however, passed them myself many hundreds of times at all hours, without seeing the slightest cause for alarm; but still there is no doubt that, on this spot, murder and outrage are both frequent and unpunished. Another, and perhaps a more forcible reason for avoiding it, is the state of disgusting defilement in which it always remains; except after a long continuance of rain, or the periodical visit of the convicts sentenced to sweep the streets, this useful and handsome thoroughfare looks more like a dunghill than the public ornament, which it might be made. But delicacy and decency, in the sense in which we understand them, are ideas which the modern Romans have yet to receive. Faugh! what a pestilence comes upon the breeze! let us trip quickly down, and get at once into the Piazza di Spagna.

"Piazza" is a word which I find a difficulty in translating into English, and the difficulty is greater in consequence of its having been corrupted to mean "a colonnade." *Piazza* in Italian, comes nearest to *square* in English; but the Piazza di Spagna is triangular, the Piazza di San Pietro is elliptical, and many Piazze in Rome are any shape or no shape. In Norwich, and perhaps in a few other old English towns, wherever there is an open space surrounded by houses, it is called a *plain*; thus, *St. Mary's Plain*, *The Theatre Plain*, &c.; and the word *plain* used in this sense, exactly answers to the Italian *piazza*. However, as such a word is too local and old-fashioned to claim a place in our language, we must leave the Piazza di Spagna, as well as many other names of localities, untranslated from their native idiom.

There is nothing to admire in the Piazza di Spagna, except the steps from which we have just descended, and the excellent supply of water, discharged by an odd-looking fountain, which is meant to be a representation of an ancient galley. Many fountains in Rome are magnificent, this is only droll and whimsical; if it suggest any idea to the imagination, it is that of a ship on the point of foundering. The *private* fountains in the court-yards of the nobility are generally very elegant, and tastefully furnished with aquatic plants, particularly a large-leaved species of arum; the *public* fountains are mostly grand and gigantic, decorated with columns and obelisks; but the fountain of the Piazza di Spagna, is as strange as the place where it stands, which is merely a triangular nook of some extent, surrounded by shops and lodging houses, well enough in themselves, but too common-place to make us linger on the way to St. Peter's.

We now pass through the Via de Condotti (i. e. street of the conduits), a straight, well-frequented thoroughfare, which leads to the Corso. It is crowded with shops for the sale of mosaics, cameos, bronzes, marbles, and all sorts of virtù and knick-knackery, and consequently is a great lounge for those who have time and money to spare, as well as for the numerous individuals who court the smiles of that small and favoured portion of mankind. Where the great are to be seen the little will come to stare at them; and therefore a

motley and amusing assemblage is generally to be found in the Via de Condotti. One only caution I will give before proceeding further, which is that though the masters of the numerous and tempting shops are pretty honest in their way, yet an Englishman who enters for the sake of purchasing, may safely offer a *trifle* less than he is asked for any article. It goes very much against our English feelings to be obliged to bargain and haggle in this paltry manner, but the Italians in general have the habit of doing so; and whoever neglects to follow their example, will frequently pay for his purchases double their just value.

In crossing the Corso we will just give one glance to the right, to catch a view of the distant obelisk which stands in the Piazza del Popolo, and another to the left, for the sake of the long perspective of houses and palaces which stretch in that direction, and then pass on to the Via della Fontanella. We are now advancing into the shabbier and more densely inhabited parts of Rome, the Tiber is immediately on our right, though it is concealed from the view by the crowded houses; still, every now and then we arrive suddenly at some object of architectural splendour. That large building, for instance, which we have just passed, and which extends far away to the right, is the Borghese palace. The reputation of its picture gallery would tempt us to enter, but we must proceed, and in proceeding, the further we advance the narrower, the dirtier, and the worse paved are the streets. At last we arrive at a point where a branch of the thoroughfare suddenly reverts to the left; this is the Via dell' Orso, or *Bear-street*, which leads to the Pantheon, the Piazza Navona (formerly the circus Agonalis), and to the site of the Campus Martius, which is now the most crowded part of modern Rome. However, we must leave all these attractions and the path which conducts to them, simply observing that the corner house, with its odd-looking archway and rude frescos of bears painted on its front, is the residence of a remarkable personage, and is in some sense, the centre of Europe. For Signor Balzani, one of the principal vetturini in Italy, here holds his court, and if you desire to travel to any part of the continent economically and by easy stages, you cannot do better than apply to him: he will give you strong horses, an easy carriage, and a civil driver.

Of the Italian vetturini, as the Italians themselves confess, "*ce ne sono buoni, e ce ne sono mali*," "there are good, and there are bad," but in general they are an honest, open-hearted, enterprising set of men. Without ever having even seen a map, a vetturino has a tolerably correct knowledge of all the principal routes and cities of Europe; and without the assistance of books, he acquires *some* proficiency in several languages. He rises early, goes to bed late, and is exposed indifferently to storm and sunshine. A few days in the year he devotes to the society of his wife and children, but he leaves them abruptly to travel *somewhere*, he cares not in what direction. His face is well known in every capital, his acquaintances are numberless; but as his visits are transient, so is his intercourse with them brief, for his *salute* is "*Addio! caro*," his *greeting* is "*good bye!*" Such is the vetturino.

But we must move on, and in fact there is little worth stopping for. This building to the right with the Cipollino columns on the front of the first story, is the Teatro di Apollo, or Opera House; and as we pass it, the street widens, we arrive at an open space, the green Tiber (I wonder why they called it *yellow*)* runs immediately beneath our feet, and we must cross the bridge of St. Angelo. What strange things are these statues of angels, which stand on the piers and abutments of the bridge! Let the admirers of Bernini come here, and see with what infinite humour his own pupils have caricatured his peculiar style, and that too under his own superintendence. The drapery which hangs about these angelic creatures, seems to be agitated by all the four winds of heaven blowing at once, and they are straining themselves into impossible attitudes, which aim at the line of beauty *doubly* twisted and circumflexed. It is really wonderful how Bernini could have sculptured so many tolerable works, since I do not remember one which can truly be called either natural or expressive.

The French *intended* to clear away the whole of the left-hand side of the street leading from the Castle of St. Angelo to the Piazza di San Pietro, which would have given a finer view of the church than any which can now be obtained. For observe, as we approach the building the cupola disappears behind the lofty façade, in the same manner as the peak of a mountain is hid when you come close under one of its shoulders. The colonnades too produce no adequate effect till you are completely within their area. In proceeding through the usual thoroughfare to view St. Peter's, there is no one *first* point of view, no surprise, no sudden burst of splendour, as there is at St. Mark's square at Venice, for instance; but it comes upon you by piecemeal, slowly, and gradually; and it would be almost worth while to bring a stranger to it round by some of the back lanes, and leading him under the central half of one of the colonnades, say that on the right hand, conduct him thus into the elliptical space, which they embrace within their gigantic curve. But even thus he would see but little effect till he arrived at one of the fountains, those fountains that play constantly by day and by night, whether their waters are muddy with melted snow, or clear as the mountain rivulets that supply them; always running, except for a few hours in the year, while their channels are being cleared from weeds and rubbish. No, the front of St. Peter's excites little astonishment or admiration, and for that again we have to thank Il Signor Bernini. The original elevation by Michael Angelo may be seen painted in fresco over one of the doors in the library of the Vatican, and how infinitely simpler and grander it is, than any thing the present façade can boast of!

But what a nuisance these beggars are, who are dodging after us

* The waters of the Tiber are *now* of a very delicate sea-green: their course, or the strata over which they pass, must have greatly changed since Horace wrote "*Vidimus flavum Tiberim.*" We should almost suspect that Ainsworth had made a blunder when he explains "*Flavus, a bright yellow like gold, or such as ears of corn have when they are fully ripe,*" did we not also find in Horace the line, "*Credula nec flavos timeant armenta leones.*" The Arno has now exactly the same tint that the Tiber had in ancient times.

with such unyielding perseverance! the more so, as some of them seem really to be in want, and we cannot help pitying them, at the same time that they are teasing us; a fat, sturdy beggar is very entertaining, and may occasionally serve to make one laugh, but I hate the sight of a poor, starving wretch, who really does appear to be in misery. And what a variety of nations there seems to be among them! "Seyn Sie so barmherzig, mein Herr; mein Vater ist krank," whispers a fair-haired little boy, with broad cheek bones and blue eyes. "Per l'amor di Dio, caro signore, datemi qualche cosa! Eccellenza! un bajocco, Eccellenza!" howls a yellow complexioned woman, with one child at her breast, and two others holding by her apron. "Charitè! Monsieur; s'il vous plait, Monsieur, charitè!" supplicates an upright, military-looking old man. Well, thank heaven, we have not seen an English face, nor heard an English voice among this motley train of applicants, and I sincerely hope, for the honour of our nation, that we never shall! Come, let us step quickly on, out of the reach of this wretched squad. We are too close under the building to see any thing of its architecture, so let us march directly up the slope, and enter. And now that we are safe within the vestibule, we shall soon get rid of our troublesome attendants. It is of no use attempting to send them off by relieving them, for a fresh crowd will immediately succeed; and those you have already fed will remain, if it be only for the pleasure of having a good stare at you. Don't throw away your bajocchi so fruitlessly, you might as well attempt to satisfy a swarm of Indian locusts, but come at once into the body of the church: there at least they cannot follow us. I will lift up for you the thickly-padded leather curtain, which hangs in the doorway. What a rush of air into the building, is there not? There, step in, look about you, and I will leave you to yourself for a few minutes.

And now, Sir, tell me, if you please, what strikes you most in all this vast assemblage of wonders. Ah! I see by your eye that it is not the magnitude of the edifice, nor the gilded roof, nor the marble columns, nor the mosaic pictures, nor the soft streaming light, nor the tempered atmosphere,—but, it is that tall, black, grisly idol,* seated, like a mocking fiend, upon his throne of state, as if he were the presiding demon of the place! Before him are the ever burning lamps that encircle that hollow vault, the tomb of St. Peter, which, how magnificent soever it may be, *to me* seems yawning like a pit of destruction. Mark! how his votaries approach singly, in reverential files, to bend the knee, and bow the forehead, and mutter the prayer, and kiss

* In using the word "Idol," the writer of these pages begs it to be understood that he by no means intends by it to imply the charge of idolatry against those whose consciences may lead them to pay reverence to this image of St. Peter, as he well knows that such an accusation would be indignantly repelled by every Roman Catholic divine in Italy. He is fully aware of the distinction that is drawn between "divine adoration" and the "relative honour given to creatures;" and though he must confess his own inability to understand it, he would be sorry to insult those to whom it may be intelligible. But *impressions*, not *doctrines* are the subject of the present article; and to all who have not been inured to such spectacles from their infancy, the statue of St. Peter will at first sight appear to be what it is here styled—an idol.

that half-worn foot on which once stood the statue of a Pagan god. And his victims—can such an idol be without his victims? Listen to those heavenly sounds which are streaming through the open doorway of yonder chapel, and at the same time watch the countenances of the crowd who throng to hear the music. The harmony and expression are perfect, the melody soft and enchanting. Why then do the women listen with a mocking smile, and an air of derision? Why do the men regard these exquisite musicians with a look of pity? *Those* are the victims sacrificed before the idol! and their duty is to chant in honour of the fiend who has destroyed them! You see that boy who is trained, and tutored, and supported by the rest, what constant attention, what flattering kindness he receives! Poor child! They instruct and adopt him, and, I believe they may love him, *for he is become as one of themselves*. You remember the wretched being with streaming hair, a crooked, mis-shapen body, and a squeaking voice, who supplicated our charity as we were coming to the temple—he too is another victim; but he is turned adrift to beg, steal, or starve, for he has no talent, and no voice to sing with his fellow-victims before the horrible, black, iron idol! But puffed up with vanity, with fatness, and with gay clothing, *they* may not feel their degradation and their wretchedness as we feel it for them. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb—and besides it is foolish to brood unnecessarily over painful objects, which we can neither remedy nor alleviate, so we will pass on to something else. But before entirely quitting this awful and imposing figure, it may be worth while to mention a circumstance which shows how differently the same exciting cause strikes the imagination of different individuals.

I had mentioned in a small circle of friends the impression produced upon my mind by this (so called) brazen statue. A gentleman present observed that he did not recollect it, and the following morning revisited St. Peter's for the sake of inspecting what I had considered so remarkable. In the evening I inquired the result of his researches, and *he had not been able to find it*. Not able to see a black statue at least seven or eight feet high, with a golden lamp eternally burning before it, seated on a marble chair under a crimson canopy, elevated from the pavement by a pedestal nearly the height of a man, placed in a most conspicuous point of view, and the object of continual veneration to thousands! Well, some people may have eyes, and hearts, and imaginations,—but others, we might almost believe, are born and go through the world without being burthened with any such troublesome appendages.

We have had a glance at the most abject of the slaves who are chained to the walls of this mighty temple, let us, for the sake of the contrast, now cast our eyes at the higher order of beings—at the lords, the princes, almost the demigods of this vast fane. Let us dare to look at one of those mysterious beings who has a chance, a possibility of becoming one day the man-god, the grand lama of Europe. Here comes a Cardinal! We are fortunate to day. He is about to perform his private devotions—in public. It does seem strange that a man cannot say his prayers without being accompanied by a train-bearer, a confessor, and three or four servants with cocked-hats,

canes, and laced liveries. You and I could not really open our hearts to the Deity in the midst of such a state paraphernalia; and I believe most people, Englishmen at least, would be of our opinion. Observe how delicately his running footman wipes with a towel the foot of the statue, which has just been sullied by vulgar lips; and note, after he has kissed the toe of St. Peter, with what regularity each of his train follow according to their precedence, and repeat his motions. Mark also with what address the purple-vested trainbearer manages the twisted roll of scarlet drapery as his Eminence proceeds from station to station. It must be an unhappy life after all, that of a Cardinal, to have every motion so cramped and restrained by etiquette that he cannot even enter a church and pray to the Almighty without having a suite of hangers-on, of attendants, of domestic spies constantly pursuing him, and tracking his footsteps. To some men, who are unbroken to restraint, what a life of misery would this be. But old age loves respect; and by constant habit the daily incense of this worship and eye-service may become as necessary as the vital air we breathe.

"Ah! well—this talk may be all very fine," says the visitor to St. Peter's, getting a little tired of the cicerone, as well as of the Cardinal, "but it is excessively dull, and has a great tendency to set me yawning. You make but a very poor guide to the lions, and unless you become a little more lively, I certainly shall not think of recommending you to my friends, and you will not make a fortune by your profession. Come, brush up, my man, and tell us something funny! Is there no good joke about the Pope, or some nice little story concerning the Cardinals that is worth hearing?"

"No, Sir, no; I don't recollect any thing of the kind,—or if I do, I am prudent enough to say nothing about it. Did you never hear that there were such things as spies in Rome? Did you ever stop to look at Punch, or listen to a ballad-singer in the streets, without observing that a priest or a friar had slyly insinuated himself into the crowd? And why has that old gentleman, who now is peeping at us so earnestly through his eyeglass, been listening to our conversation for the last five minutes, 'giudizio, Signore giudizio?'"

"But we are talking English. They surely cannot understand that, and therefore we are safe."

"Pardon, Monsieur, no such thing. Have you noticed those confessional boxes placed at regular intervals against the wall? And have you remarked that they are labelled English, French, Polish, Armenian, and so forth, that every nation of the civilized globe may reveal their backslidings in their mother tongue? If the holy church have confessors for all languages, why may she not have spies also?"

"But surely no *Englishmen* are settled at Rome in the character of —"

"Suspend your judgment, Sir, for one moment, and wait till those rosy-cheeked, sackcloth-covered, rope-encircled friars have waddled past us. What is it they are saying to each other?"

"Be aisy, now, honey, be aisy, I tell ye—and hould your tongue till I tell ye all about it."

"There, Sir, you see, are two shaven crowns, who, if they had

the will, have also the power of listening to, and understanding more-over any confidential communications we might make to each other. However, I believe I may safely inform you that the Cardinals are very jealous of the Pope, and of each other; and it is said that a certain English gentleman of fortune and family, who has consented to become one of the body, lived at first in much too good style to suit either the pockets or the pride of his colleagues, and that he afterwards found it as well to fall to the level of those by whom he is surrounded. It is also whispered that the holy conclave are fond of electing as Pope some one of their number who is weakly, decrepit, and perhaps nearly imbecile, in order to avoid putting themselves under a sovereign who has the capability, if he has the inclination to take the reins into his own hands. They certainly have overreached themselves in this manner in one or two instances, as several Popes, immediately after their election, have almost miraculously cast their skin, and have appeared to be suddenly invigorated with the freshness of youth. One cunning old pontiff, who used to stoop a great deal, and be constantly leaning on crutches during his cardinalate, most unexpectedly threw them aside on his elevation to the popedom, and walked as upright as any member of the college. His friends were struck with astonishment at the change, and requested an explanation of the difference observable in his manner of carriage; to which he merely replied that formerly he was looking for the keys of St. Peter, and now he had found them.

"Scandal respecting the highest dignitaries of the church is of course always flying about the eternal city; but it is not more probable that a few of them may have been men of not unyielding morals, than it is that falsehoods are propagated respecting many others, and that by far the greater portion of their number are adorned by character, learning, and benevolence. Of these matters it is very difficult for a stranger to judge, as he can hear but little, and he must not believe the half of what he hears.

"However, if we allow the popes to be virtuous in general, we must at least charge them with being sometimes a little too prudish. That marble statue of Justice, after the designs of Michael Angelo, which was already sufficiently draped for any reasonable person, has received an additional covering of bronze from the hands of Bernini. Bernini again spoiling what his predecessors had left perfect! But in this instance we cannot blame *him*, as he was obliged to act according to his orders, and the only wonder is that he has done so little damage to the figure. The legend says that several foolish young gentlemen have successively fallen in love with it, and did, I don't know what with themselves in consequence; but it is astonishing how any of Michael Angelo's grim beauties could excite the tender passion. The most loveable thing in the whole church is the Genius by Canova, which stands close by the Communion of St. Girolamo. Grace, ease, and tenderness combine to form a creature of perfect ideal beauty. There is something so angelic and unearthly in its character, that you are puzzled to pronounce which sex it belongs to. It is a compound of female softness united to masculine vigour and elasticity; and in moulding this Genius, Canova has created a

new order of beings. One could stand and feed one's gaze with it for ever.

"Are you fond of relics? There are plenty here, but we cannot get at them. Of the few which are exposed to the public, those two beautifully twisted columns of white marble which are elevated in that niche half way between the pavement and the cupola, are said to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem; and that splendid Corinthian pillar near the Pieta of Michael Angelo, is affirmed to be one against which our Saviour leaned while discoursing in the Temple. Many of the Roman relics are undoubtedly spurious, but I am far from being so universally sceptical upon the subject as many persons profess to be. It is certain that all the relics to which any degree of credit is attached were actually brought from the Holy Land, and it is more than probable that those who imported them believed them to be genuine. When, as in the cloisters of St. John Lateran, they show you with a grave face the well from which the woman of Samaria was drawing water when our Saviour addressed her, the stone on which the cock was perched when he crew to St. Peter, the two halves of a column rent in twain at the Crucifixion, &c., &c., we may reasonably assent to what we are told with a certain degree of mental reservation; but it would be difficult I think to prove the impossibility that a pillar may now stand in the church of St. Peter's at Rome which formerly made part of the Temple at Jerusalem.

"But I see you are almost tired, so we will return home. You must come again, and again, and again, in order to understand thoroughly the marvels heaped together upon this spot. Every tomb, every mosaic picture, almost every block of marble is a study, and has its history and its associations. The human mind can regale itself with only a limited quantity of dainties at one repast, so we will retire now that we have feasted sufficiently for one day.

"And having once more arrived at the open air, you will confess that your eyes are dazzled and your mind is saturated with the number and variety of the new ideas you have just imbibed. Our friend, the Cardinal, seems also to have taken his leave, and is driving off in a carriage that is resplendent with gilding, brick-red, and waggon-blue. The only respectable part of his equipage (to English eyes) are the black, long-tailed horses, and they really are handsome. But *one* wholesome, healthy-looking footman would make a far better appearance than the *three* unwashed, unshaven, ill-clad varlets who ride behind his Eminence's vehicle. They are now rumbling off in quest of his palace through some of the intricate windings and dirty streets of the Campus Martius. *We* will take a short cut across the fields, pass the Tiber by the ferry-boat, and, on arriving at Monte Pincio, I hope we shall find that the 'trattore' has sent us an excellent dinner, for I am sure we have worked hard, and well deserve it."

D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ah ! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie ?
Ah ! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too ?

KIRKE WHITE.

It cannot last ! It cannot last !
This sickness of the heart ;
For it wakes and weeps o'er the faded past,
And is willing to depart.

It cannot last ! It cannot last !
The grief that fills me now ;
Soon will my life-blood welling fast,
In death array my brow.

It cannot last ! Yet while life's dream
Brings sorrow and dismay,
My storm-toss'd bark shall brave the storm,
Though death command the way.

O life ! thy sea is never calm,
Its billows never rest ;
Thou ne'er giv'st peace, nor healing balm,
To those thou hast opprest.

O'er youth thou throw'st a smiling ray,
But as it bursts in bloom,
Thy storms appear, and it fades away
Like a flower, into the tomb.

The kindling hopes which manhood feels
In the plenitude of years,
Droop—as thy blight upon them steals,
And sink with heavy cares.

Yet o'er thy waves, though never still,
Dark storms not always sweep ;
There may burst beams of joy to fill
The hearts of those that weep.

Then farewell life ! A long farewell,
Thou spell that binds my breath !
I seek no requiem in thy knell—
But rest from thee—O, Death !

E. W. G.

THE BARONET'S DAUGHTER.

Oh ! what a thing is man !
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred providence above him.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on a fine autumnal morning that two gentlemen were seated in the library of Euston Hall.

"You look upon the world with the eye of a priest, Courtenay," said the elder, as he arose and walked to the window.

He was a man about the middle age, and something below the average stature. His hair was short and of a sable silver ; but his thinly marked brows were perfectly black, and gave additional fire and vivacity to a pair of piercing dark eyes which were wont to flash with every varying emotion. His mouth was small, and his lips thin and straight, and the singular whiteness of a set of teeth perfectly smooth and even, formed a strong contrast to the almost olive complexion of a face, the features of which, although small, were well defined and regular. His frame was well built, compact and muscular ; and as he walked up and down the room, a leg of still faultless symmetry evinced that the virgin of his earlier manhood had scarcely yet begun to depart from him.

The pervading expression in the countenance of the other was that of passive mildness, of almost imperturbable equanimity. His large gray eye reflected meditation ; perhaps, anxious thought long ago subdued ; and the tone of his voice was that of one more accustomed to converse with books than with men.

"I do not look upon mankind merely with the eye of a priest," answered Courtenay to the observation which had been addressed to him, "it is because, Sir Robert, I think I know their weaknesses, their follies, and their vices, that I presume sometimes to set forth those divine precepts of our heavenly Master which may at least restrain, if they do not altogether eradicate them."

"You talk to me of charity and of forgiveness of injuries," said Sir Robert, turning from the window out of which he had been gazing for some minutes, "Charity, it is said, covers a multitude of sins ; but were it not better to give the sins fair play against virtue, and throw away the cloak altogether ? and for your forgiveness of injuries, to forgive is to sanction, nay to license the injury. What ! you would warm the snake at your fire, you would permit it to sting you, and then, forsooth, you would heap another log upon the flame ? is that your doctrine ?"

"I would make every allowance for human feeling," replied the priest humbly ; "but what I would strongly insist upon is that it is human feeling, and human feeling only."

The baronet tapped the lid of his snuff-box. "Gently, Mr. Courtenay, gently," said he, "am I a fool, or a madman ? neither, I believe ; let me then go my own way. He shall be judged fairly, he has been judged fairly, yes," he repeated, observing the expression

of incredulous surprize which the priest evinced ; " I say he has been judged fairly. You know not all, although, perhaps, the whole may be known shortly, not only to you but to the world. I will not be hasty. He shall be heard. By heaven ! he is arrived," and the baronet started to his feet, as the sound of carriage-wheels driving up the avenue became distinctly audible ; " now, Courtenay, you shall see whether I cannot command myself."

A servant opened the door, " Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert, is below."

" Show him up, by all means," exclaimed the baronet, and he turned to the priest with a smile, " observe," said he, " how politely I can receive my friends."

Mr. Willoughby at this moment entered the apartment and advanced towards the baronet. " I am very happy to meet you once more," he said, as he extended his hand, " you were no doubt expecting me, agreeably to my letter from Paris. With respect to yours we will talk about it hereafter."

The baronet stepped back a pace. " I am very glad to see you here, Mr. Willoughby," he said emphatically, " but my hand is not in at present for mere shows of friendship. I am very glad to see you *here*."

A slight flush overspread the face of the young man. " Well, you decline my hand," said he with affected unconcern, " I expected as much," and he turned towards the priest, " you, Mr. Courtenay, will, perhaps, suffer me to exchange a show of friendship with you."

" You do me honour, with much pleasure," stammered the priest, as he cast a half-imploing glance towards the baronet. " You look well, Mr. Willoughby, remarkably well. Paris, I suppose—"

" Yes, Paris is the place to enjoy life and to prolong it," returned the other, and having retired to the window, an inaudible conversation ensued between the two gentlemen, which from the manner in which it was carried on would seem to have been confined to general topics.

During this colloquy the baronet walked up and down the room humming an air, and playing impatiently with his watch-chain. He paused, at length, and with an earnest and measured glance surveyed from head to foot the person of his son-in-law.

" I am sorry, gentlemen, to interrupt your conversation," he said suddenly, " but you know, Courtenay, that I have some particular and urgent business to transact with Mr. Willoughby ; will you favour me, Sir," he continued, turning towards the latter, " by accompanying me to the gallery ?"

" With pleasure," returned Willoughby, " I follow you."

The priest laid his hand upon the arm of the baronet, and directed a deprecating look towards him, " Be calm, I implore you," he whispered.

" Fear me not, fear me not," answered the other, " Come, Sir, I attend you," and he led the way from the apartment.

" Will you permit me to hope that you have been well, since I last had the pleasure of seeing you ?" said Willoughby, as they ascended the staircase.

" I have been very well, Sir," replied the baronet, " nothing has occurred, you see, to disturb my tranquillity ; the death of a daughter

is a trivial circumstance, and that can't happen again, for she was my only one ; and besides," he added, as they entered the gallery, "it is almost past memory, for it happened two months ago ; oh ! yes, I have been very well."

A shade of undefinable emotion clouded the brow of Willoughby as the baronet concluded, and his nether lip quivered, and the glance he ventured at his companion betrayed that he knew the subject upon which the other was about to enter, and that he dreaded its commencement.

"You have some fine portraits here, Sir Robert," said he, with assumed calmness.

"You have seen them often before."

"Indeed ; I was not aware ; I had forgotten."

"Yes, Mr. Willoughby," cried the baronet, as he placed two chairs in the window recess, "these are the portraits of my ancestors, the portraits of knights, bannerets, and gentlemen of my family ; men, Sir, who held their honour sacred, and devoted their lives to the maintenance of it. But, come, will you take a chair ? I will lock the door," he added, as he walked across the room, "lest we should be intruded upon, come, Mr. Willoughby, sit down."

The baronet took a seat opposite his companion, and after a short pause, during which he appeared to be arranging the order of his questions, and the particular words in which they were to be conveyed, he began thus : "You received my letter addressed to you at Paris, about two months ago, in which I required an explanation of the reason of your strange absence during the illness, and until after the death of the late Mrs. Willoughby ? Am I to consider you bow an assent ? Well, Sir, your letter dated a fortnight later was received by me, in which you did not condescend to satisfy me touching the questions I presumed to put to you ; but you informed me that you would wait upon me on this day for the purpose of arranging some important business."

"I did so," said Willoughby, hastily, "and if you will allow me, I will at once enter upon this business, for which I came hither, and which settled, I will remove myself from your sight for ever."

"Not so fast, young man, *my* business first, if you please," said the baronet coolly. "Hear me. A communication was made to me by one of your own servants to the effect that your wife was dying, but that she was very reluctant that I should be sent for, or acquainted with the matter. For this I can account : her own pride, and an unwillingness to distress me, her father, her father, Mr. Willoughby. No matter, I hastened to town, I watched over her till she died. Before this event took place, however, she informed me that she had written many letters to you, apprizing you of her situation, and imploring your return, letters which you never answered. Is this true, do you not know it to be true ?"

Willoughby answered not for some moments. "Several letters I did receive," he said slowly and hesitatingly, his eyes fixed on the ground, "but they did not dwell so much upon her illness, they did not implore my return, I did not know she was so ill, the letters were written for another purpose, a secret—a—"

"Lie," said the baronet gently, leaning forward, "if belief, Mr. Willoughby, were always to attend and to wait upon deceit 'twere a rare world for the villains. One word more with you: my daughter confessed to me, I wrung it from her, I would know it, that your conduct towards her had been unkind, harsh, cruel, brutal."

The young man started and turned deadly pale. "Did she say so? did Marian tell you this?" and as he averted his face, a violent agitation appeared to shake his frame. "No, no, no, Sir Robert, I was never unkind, never harsh, never cruel, never, until, until the—"

"Ha!" cried the baronet triumphantly, "do you confess? until the what? until when? what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Willoughby, "it is past."

"It is not past, Sir, it is not past," exclaimed Sir Robert; "look you, evasion is useless, you cannot deceive me, I know all."

"Know all, gracious God!" gasped Willoughby, "you cannot know it; she never, surely, told you. What do you know?"

"Enough for my present purpose," replied the baronet; "I know this, Willoughby, that you have murdered, for that is the word, the gentlest and the best creature that ever breathed."

"Oh God! oh God! do not urge me further," cried Willoughby, burying his face in his hands; "let me go, let me depart, or hear the business upon which I came."

"Not a word, not a word," said the baronet solemnly, "till this matter be explained. Willoughby, your father was my friend; your mother was dear to my wife; I loved, respected, revered them both. For their sakes I am thus lenient towards you."

"No more," groaned Willoughby, "no more, Sir Robert, I beseech you; let this subject drop; it will be better; it may be safer, suspend your judgment."

"Suspend my judgment, ha! ha!" cried Sir Robert contemptuously, "where shall I suspend it? in the park yonder, I suppose, to scare the crows with; but this is trifling. In one word, tell me, out with it, acknowledge it like a shameless villain, wherefore your treatment of your wife, why your prolonged absence from her?"

"I cannot tell you," cried Willoughby, "indeed I cannot, there were reasons, strong, strong, which you must never know."

"But which I will know," said the baronet doggedly.

"You cannot, you must not."

"I must. Will you satisfy me?"

"No, no, no, I cannot, I must not, I will not."

"Will not, is somewhat peremptory," cried the baronet; "again I ask you, will you satisfy me?"

"No, I will not."

"Once more, the third, the last time, will you satisfy me?"

"I will not."

"Enough," exclaimed the baronet, as he struck his hands upon his knees, and sprung to his feet. "This place is cold, Sir, we must take a little exercise to keep our blood in circulation," and as he said this, he proceeded to the extreme end of the gallery, and opened a large and ancient cabinet. "There never yet," said he, as he flung aside the doors, "there never yet, Willoughby, lived the man

since I wore a beard upon my chin, aye, or before that, too, who wronged Robert Aylmer, and escaped unpunished. Here, Sir, are two swords, the lengths are equal, take one."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Willoughby in surprise.

"You shall know in good time," said the baronet, as he deliberately unsheathed one of the weapons, "here, take your sword, Sir, and defend yourself."

"I will not fight with you," said Willoughby coolly, as he accepted the sword, and laid it upon a chair, "nor can you provoke me, Sir, to raise a hand against you. Command yourself; this is madness."

"Ha! a coward too," cried the baronet with a sneer, "a coward, too," he repeated, "your father, Mr. Willoughby, would have spurned you for this."

"I am no coward, Sir Robert," said Willoughby reddening, and he took up the sword. "Hear me, Sir, I am skilful at this weapon, I am younger than yourself."

"Tut, tut, boy," cried the baronet contemptuously, "you shall not escape chastisement by bravado, the coward's last resort, I also am skilful at this weapon, or was, before that hand of yours could poise a bulrush."

"I do not question, and I will not witness your skill to-day, Sir Robert," said Willoughby; "I have no quarrel with you, I love and I respect you. You are my father-in-law."

"Liar!" cried the baronet, "that tie has been dissolved. Your valour, Willoughby," said he, as he approached him, "is a sluggish beast, and must be roused, I see. Now, Sir, will you fight me?" and he struck the other violently with the flat part of his weapon.

"Ha!" cried Willoughby, drawing his sword hastily, "this must not be, Sir, this must not be; but no, I will not revenge this now, I stand upon my defence, no more."

"Come, this is well, this is well," said the baronet with a grim smile, as Willoughby placed himself in attitude; "now, Sir, defend yourself," and with his teeth firmly set together, and a kindling eye, the baronet struck his foot upon the floor, and crossed the sword of his antagonist with his own.

The baronet commenced the assault with great coolness and determination, but after a few ineffectual passes, the colour came upon his brow, and the impatient twitching of his lip evinced that he would soon lose the self-possession which had governed him at the first onset. He felt that he had to do with an antagonist equal with himself in skill, and deriving great advantage from his superior command of temper; and this last conviction, as Willoughby put by his sword at every pass with the air of one who defies and almost derides his opponent, chafed him into almost ungovernable rage.

"We must try another system with you, my young gentleman," he cried as he retreated a few paces, and then advanced upon the other with reckless fury; "it is time we should bring this matter to an issue."

"I must wound you, even in my own defence I must wound you, Sir Robert," exclaimed Willoughby, as the baronet pressed upon him. "By heavens I think I touched you there," and as he spoke,

his sword entered the coat of the other, and came out over the shoulder.

"A lie, a lie," shouted the baronet, "I am not wounded, look to yourself."

"A moment's pause, I entreat you," cried Willoughby, and putting by the sword of the baronet, he lowered the point of his own. "Let this go no further," he continued, "I am no coward; but let us desist, and I will forget all that has occurred. One word; had you not once a favourable opinion of me?"

"I had—what then?" said the baronet.

"Retain it still; and believe me, I never wronged your daughter."

The baronet was silent for some minutes, and with folded arms stood gazing at the majestic figure and noble countenance of his son-in-law. "It grieves me, Willoughby," said he, "it grieves me that a brave man should have found it worth his while to be a scoundrel. Why these evasions? what need of further subterfuge? confess, that you have been a base and unmanly villain to your wife."

"Never," exclaimed Willoughby, "would that I could explain all, but no, that must never be;" and he shook his head mournfully.

"We waste time, then," cried the baronet, raising his sword, "*her* spirit cries to me for blood, for blood, and it must flow, Willoughby," and again he pressed furiously upon his antagonist.

"What use, then, contending with you?" said Willoughby, "see, I am wounded," and at that moment the baronet's sword entered his wrist, "you thirst for my blood, you seek my life, take it," and he threw down his rapier.

The baronet sprung forward, and placed the point of his weapon at the heart of Willoughby. "Die then," said he, "or confess, I give you but one minute. Confess."

"Nothing," said the other unmoved, "you seek my life, take it."

"And that I will do, by the God above us," cried the baronet; "confess, confess."

"My life is at your disposal, Sir Robert," said Willoughby calmly, "I have nothing to say. Take it."

The baronet looked up and rivetted his keen dark eye upon the features of his son-in-law. There was an undefinable expression in that face, so unmoved, so serene, so tranquil, that staggered him. Slowly and almost unconsciously he lowered the point of his sword, and placed his hand upon the bosom of Willoughby.

"The pulse is regular," he muttered, "the heart beats as calmly as my own." He threw down his weapon and walked to the window. "I cannot do it now," he said, "not now, in cold blood to shed cold blood—no, no—another time; not now, not now."

"You have been deceived, Sir Robert," said Willoughby, as he bound up his wrist with a handkerchief, and replaced the swords in a cabinet, "but how, by whom, or in what particular, perhaps you will never know. Let us forget what has just now passed."

The baronet looked round and gazed earnestly at the speaker till he had concluded. An incredulous smile passed on his lip as he stepped out of the recess; but he uttered not a word, and turning

on his heel he walked slowly from the gallery, and descended the staircase; and the closing of a door below apprized Willoughby that he had shut himself in his study.

CHAPTER II.

It was about ten o'clock when Sir Robert's bell rang. A servant entered the library.

"Thomas, you may bring me up some coffee now; what are the gentlemen about below?"

"They are still in the parlour, Sir Robert, in conversation;" and the servant retired, presently returning with the tea service.

"You may fetch me up a bottle of wine in about two hours from this time," said the baronet; "it will be late before I retire to bed."

The clock was striking the hour of midnight, when the servant tapped at the library door. There was no answer. He repeated it a second and a third time. There was a stir within as of the closing of a door. "Come in."

"I have brought you the wine, Sir Robert," said the servant.

"Oh! thank you. I had forgotten; set it down here."

"Are you not well, Sir?" enquired the servant, as having approached, he marked the ghastly paleness of his master.

"Chilly, cold, Thomas," said the baronet. "I have let my fire out; where is Mr. Courtenay?"

"He has retired to his own apartment."

"Mr. Willoughby?"

"He is now going to his room, Sir."

"That is well," said the baronet. "It is the room he occupied, when he was here two years ago, is it not?"

"It is, Sir Robert."

"Well. You may tell James that I shall not want him to-night; he may go to bed. Good night."

"Why, what a stealthy, villain pace is this?" said he, stopping suddenly, as he walked in silence from the library, and proceeded cautiously down a long passage, "it is a sacrifice to which I go, not a murder; but this is the door." He knocked loudly. "Mr. Willoughby!—within there—Mr. Willoughby!" There was no reply. "And this man can sleep!" ejaculated the baronet: "well, Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the conscience to the sensitive villain, I suppose." He opened the door quickly, and entered the room; and placing the candle upon a table approached the bed. He drew aside the curtains. "Willoughby! arise, man, awake!" and he touched him on the shoulder as he spoke.

The young man started from a deep sleep. "Who's there?" he cried, rising from the bed.

"It is I," said the baronet, "Robert Aylmer; I am come to talk with you."

"What do you mean, Sir Robert?" exclaimed Willoughby, "why disturb me at the dead of night, what do you want?"

"I will tell you," said the baronet calmly, "I have been thinking of you the whole evening, and of our meeting this morning. I will

no longer require you to confess your villany ; it cannot serve, it is useless, and it might cause you to expend lies, for which, if you out-live this night, you may have occasion."

"Wherefore, then, the trouble you have taken to arouse me from sleep? What do you want?"

"Vengeance—your blood—your life—Willoughby—now," and he drew forth a dagger and dashed it, swift as lightning, at the heart of his son-in-law.

Willoughby seized the wrist of the baronet with his left hand at the moment that the point of the dagger was within a hair's breadth of his breast.

"When next you attempt a murder," cried he, "do it like a murderer," and he held back the wrist of the baronet with a strength almost superhuman. "Oh! Sir Robert Alymer, I pity you."

"Slave!" cried the baronet, as he threw himself upon the other, "you have not yet escaped me ; my cause is written in heaven, and is approved there, and heaven assists me." A violent struggle ensued, but it was a brief one ; for the baronet, although a muscular and determined man, was no adversary for his son-in-law, whose prodigious strength was seconded by youth, and to whom, perhaps, the occasion gave additional power. Wrestling the dagger from the baronet's hand, he flung him violently away, and springing from the bed seized the bell-rope.

"Madman! keep off," he cried, "stir but a step and I raise the house. I have you in my power. Do you know what you would have done? an act which would have brought you to an ignominious end."

"You murdered my daughter," said the baronet, looking round wildly in quest of another weapon, "and I would have murdered you. I would, aye, and I will:—you deserve it—the God above knows that you deserve it."

"What we deserve is nothing to the purpose," cried Willoughby, impatiently. "What may you not deserve? how know you what *she* deserved?" he added hastily, but he checked himself.

The baronet turned short round, and fixed his eyes upon Willoughby, and the breath forced itself from his bosom. He put forth his hands and clenched the air. "Liar, liar, liar, liar," said he, in a quick calm whisper, "what *she* deserved!" and he approached him slowly, and spit at him. "Liar!" he shouted, raising his hands, "where is heaven's justice, where does justice sleep that it does not blast this villain with its thunder suddenly? Oh! that I could kill you, Willoughby; oh! that I might, *might* kill you."

The young man caught the arm of the baronet as it descended, and forced him into a chair. "Forgive me," said he, "pardon me—I went too far—I said too much—oh! Sir Robert, my dear, dear Sir, be calm, compose yourself. Hear me," and he fetched the dagger, and as he laid his hand upon the baronet's arm the tears burst from his eyes, "were I at this moment prepared to meet my Maker, and were you prepared to do this deed and to justify it before God and man; heaven is my witness, you should plunge this dagger into my heart. What is my life to me, valueless, worthless, worse, it is a

burden to me. One moment more, listen to me; I had almost sworn to let this secret, for there is a secret, die with me, but you will not have it so; I will then, do this, I will confess to Mr. Courtenay to-morrow morning all that is in my mind, all that weighs upon it; and if he decides that you ought to be told, that you should know all, be it so. We have gone so far that there is no help for it."

"Do you promise that? do you promise that?" cried the baronet, clapping his hands together, and rising from his seat. "Willoughby, you are a villain, but you are a brave one; and when all is confessed will you give me satisfaction, eh? will you fight me?"

"I will, if you require it."

"Good, good," said the baronet, "your hand upon it. There," and he flung the hand of Willoughby from him, "I have humbled myself enough for what has passed this night. It will wash off, I dare say; you may retire to your bed, I shall not visit you again."

The baronet took the candle and walked to the door. "Remember!" said he, as he looked back, "I must not be trifled with, I have your word."

"Of honour," said Willoughby.

"You swear well," said the baronet with a sneer, "as I have sworn, by the dead;" and he closed the door after him and retired to his own apartment.

CHAPTER III.

About nine o'clock Sir Robert descended from his room after having completed his toilette, and entered the breakfast parlour with a firm step and an air of easy indifference. The priest was already there, seated at one of the windows apparently absorbed in deep reflection.

"Good morning, Courtenay," said the baronet, as, having approached, he laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Ha! good morning, Sir Robert," stammered the priest, "I did not hear you:—my mind was wandering."

"We have had a stormy night," observed the baronet, "and from the appearance of the clouds, I should augur that we shall have more of this weather;—but, heavens! man, how pale you look! What is the matter? Are you unwell?"

"Do I look so?" said Courtenay. "I have been agitated, Sir Robert, by something that has—"

"Did you hear any thing last night?" interrupted the baronet hastily.

"I did not," answered the priest, "except the storm without, I heard nothing."

The baronet turned away, and walked to the other end of the room.

"Have you seen Willoughby this morning?" he enquired after a pause.

"I have seen him, Sir Robert," replied Courtenay.

"Where is he?"

He is gone to give orders respecting his carriage, he departs immediately, and it may be as well to inform you," added the priest,

with a wonderful effort at calmness, "that Mr. Willoughby aroused me at an early hour this morning, requesting an interview with me; and that he has made me acquainted with every thing."

"He told you then what occurred last night," said the baronet slightly reddening.

"He did, Sir Robert," and the priest shuddered.

"Well, Sir—"

"He did, I say, inform me of what had occurred."

"Well, Sir—"

"That was your question, was it not?" said the priest timidly.

"Did he inform you," cried Sir Robert, approaching Courtenay, and as he addressed him, making a pause between each word as it fell from his lips, "did he inform you, Sir, of circumstances that occurred, in which he himself was the aggressor, and of which my daughter was the victim? did he inform you of this, Sir?"

The priest was silent for some minutes, and was evidently striving to collect himself for the conversation about to ensue.

"Mr. Willoughby did inform me of every circumstance," at length he said with something like calmness, "connected with his supposed conduct to the late Mrs. Willoughby; and further told me that upon my decision it was to rest whether you were to be made acquainted with every particular."

"Very good, very good," said the baronet sitting down, "I will hear it now, Courtenay, do not suppose that *he* has any further cause of fear from my hands, at present. What is it?"

"Sir Robert Aylmer," said the priest solemnly, "you must never know."

"How?" cried the baronet incredulously, rising slowly from his seat; "think again, Mr. Courtenay; you are nervous, or distrust me—come, Sir. Never know!" he added, "never know!" do not trifle with me; this is a serious matter."

"I have a sacred duty to perform," said the priest; "to you, Sir Robert, my friend, my only friend, my patron, my protector,—to Mr. Willoughby who has left it to my discretion to decide whether I should impart his confession to you, or retain it inviolately in my own bosom. I choose to do the latter. I believe,—I know it to be my duty so to do. You must never know."

At this moment, Willoughby entered the parlour. The baronet advanced towards him sternly. "You knew your man, Sir, when you made your proposition to me last night, but the conspiracy shall avail you nought—it serves you for the present—it is well. Now, Sir, have you any thing further to say to me, before you leave my house?"

"I have only this to say," answered Willoughby coldly; "I have confessed every thing to Mr. Courtenay; it is at his option, whether you shall be made acquainted with it or no: and on my soul, I have not attempted to bias him one way or the other. After what passed between us last night, I might, I think, reasonably decline any further communication between us; but if you will allow me, I will even now open the very simple business which enforced my visit to you; if you will not permit me, a letter may serve the purpose as well."

"Come along, Sir, with me," said the baronet, "and I will now the more readily hear your business, since I also have something for your private ear. We will retire into my study, if you please."

"Oh! go not with him, let me conjure you," cried the priest rising, and grasping the arm of Willoughby. "Sir Robert Aylmer, your son-in-law must never again be left alone with you."

"As you please, gentlemen," said the baronet, sarcastically, "or rather, as Mr. Courtenay pleases; for he, it seems, is master here."

"Oh! no, no," exclaimed the priest in a tone of distressful deprecation, "it is not so, but Mr. Willoughby you must not go with Sir Robert Aylmer,—indeed you must not."

"I fear him not," said Willoughby with an air of haughty defiance, which, however, suddenly gave place to a look of mournful commiseration, and he gently lifted the hand of Courtenay from his arm. "Sir Robert, I attend you."

"You have no cause to fear me, Sir, now, in this house," said the baronet, and he turned to Courtenay. "I give you my sacred word that Mr. Willoughby is safe from me while he remains under my roof. Come, Sir, I shall not detain you long. No further," he added, looking round towards the priest who was about to follow. "I have sworn that not a hair of his head shall be injured by me in this house." So saying, he closed the door after Willoughby, and led the way to the library.

"Now, then, Sir, to the business at once," cried the baronet seating himself and pointing to a chair. "What have you to tell me?"

"I will tell you in few words," replied Willoughby, "but first let me beg of you that what I am about to do may be subject to no misconstruction. I had hoped when I arrived here yesterday to have found the temper and spirit in which you wrote to me at Paris, somewhat assuaged and subdued. Had this happily been the case—"

"Oh! how little you knew me," interrupted the baronet with a contemptuous smile.

"Had this been the case," proceeded the other, "what I am now about to propose to you would have been subject to a liberal interpretation; as it is, I feel that it will but create fresh surmises which, hostile as you are to me, will operate to my prejudice. Nevertheless—"

"What are you aiming at?" said the baronet, leaning back in his chair, "do you hope to deceive me by a new evasion? do you think to turn me round with some flourish of rhetoric? Proceed, young man."

"At once," said Willoughby. "Sir Robert Aylmer, when I married your daughter, with that generous disinterestedness for which you have ever been distinguished, you settled upon my late wife the chief part of your property; which property, in the event of her demise, or failing issue was, after your death, to be mine."

"Well, Sir, I did so," said the baronet, with a look of disgust, "and what do you require more? Will it please you to take the whole of my property, and what annuity do you propose to allow me, if I relinquish it at once, or have you mislaid the deed, and would fain be presented with another? what is it? Tell me plainly."

"It is none of these things, Sir," said Willoughby. "I have not mislaid the deed, it is here," and he drew it from his pocket, and as he gazed upon it for some minutes, a heavy sigh escaped him.

"You sigh, Sir," said the baronet, "and let me tell you, Willoughby, property alone will never secure happiness, you have found it so."

Willoughby raised his eyes slowly, and directed a vague glance at the baronet, as though suddenly recalled from some absorbing memory. "I did not sigh for *that*," said he, "I understand your insinuation; here, Sir Robert," and he handed the deed toward him, "take it, it is yours, I relinquish, for I have no right to it."

Sir Robert slowly raised himself in his chair, and placed his snuff-box upon the table, and leaning forward, with contracted brows looked with a searching glance into Willoughby's face. "Relinquish it!" he ejaculated in astonishment, "relinquish it, did I hear you aright? relinquish it, did you say?"

Willoughby bowed assent.

"By heaven! it is strange, very strange," muttered the baronet, and he sank into a reverie. There was a silence of some minutes.

"I have now told you my business," said Willoughby, at length, laying the deed upon the table, "and I leave you. When we meet again, you will, perhaps, judge me less harshly than you have hitherto done," and he arose. "Farewell, Sir Robert Aylmer."

The baronet motioned with his head for Willoughby to be seated. He obeyed. "One moment more," said Sir Robert, "before you do leave me," and drawing himself up in his chair, he continued in a measured and emphatic tone, "I now see it all, although I cannot see through it, it is dark, Willoughby, but it is distinct. You are a villain, with a conscience; and something horrible remains behind untold. Why had she not told me all? but she was ever too gentle and too good. You go, Sir, but we meet again, and that shortly. Your reparation avails you nought, it is not worth this," and he snapped his fingers.

"I expected this," said Willoughby in a tone of deep mortification. "I was prepared for the construction which you have put upon my conduct, and I feel that your enmity to me is unconquerable."

"Have I not cause for it, Sir, have I not cause, good, eternal cause?" and the baronet sprung from his chair; "by heaven! your baseness, Willoughby, confounds me; the imperturbable equanimity of this villain makes me mad, mad. You will give me back my property, will you? my property, ha! ha! wretch! slave! but come this way, Sir," and he drew the other by the wrist to the further end of the room, and seizing a key from the table, thrust it into the lock of a large cabinet, "but my property is not enough, it will not suffice, I must have more, now, Sir," and he threw back the doors of the cabinet with furious violence, "will you give me back her—her—her."

With a cry of horror Willoughby fell upon his knees, as the sight before him met his eyes. "Gracious God!" he cried, "what dreadful spectacle is this?"

"Peace, peace," said the baronet in a whisper, pointing with his

finger, and he stood immoveably, gazing upwards, "peace, the dead can hear you if there be truth in mortal consciousness; oh! forgive me, dear child, that I have suffered this man to behold thy poor remains, once let it be, and but once."

Yes, it was the daughter of the baronet that stood before them. Her hair seemed to have newly fallen over her shoulders in profuse tresses; a hue, as of breathing life was upon her cheek; her eyes were closed, not as in sleep, but as though in resignation, and one hand was laid softly upon her bosom.

Willoughby endeavoured to withdraw his eyes from the sight that appeared to grow before them, but in vain; and as he clasped his forehead with his hands a violent convulsion shook his frame. "Take her from me," he cried in agony, "I can no longer bear this; oh! Sir Robert, have mercy upon me, I am faint, and sick."

The baronet turned round, and approaching his son-in-law, tapped him on the shoulder. "Have I not cause, think you?" said he, "have I not cause? Can I behold this object day and night, and consent to die while you live? Stop, Sir, one moment," and as Willoughby attempted to rise he held him down forcibly. "Hear me," and he dropped upon his knees, before the lifeless presence of his daughter, "I swear, as I have sworn, oh! how many times, that never, until I have avenged my child's murder, shall that body know the corruption of the grave. You may fly me, but I am with you; wherever you be, there also will I be; never, never, *never*, Willoughby, shall you escape me."

"Oh, God! that I could, that I might speak," groaned Willoughby, "but I am dumb; I must, I *must* be silent."

"Enough!" said the baronet, as having breathed an inarticulate prayer whilst the other was yet speaking, he arose from his knees. "Rise, Sir," and lifting Willoughby to his feet, he hurried him by the arm to the door. "Go, Sir, we shall meet again, and soon," and hastening along the passage, the baronet stopped at the parlour in which he had left the priest.

He knocked loudly at the door. "Come forth, Courtenay, and behold I have returned your charge unharmed. He is not there," he added, pausing for a moment. "No matter, your way is straight before you, your carriage, I perceive, is ready. Now, Sir, your foot once over the threshold, and beware. I give you warning. Begone!"

"Oh! Sir Robert," cried Willoughby, as he turned round, and looked with an almost piteous expression into the face of the baronet, "take but my hand at parting, you have wronged me, but I forgive you, indeed, you have wronged me."

"Begone!" exclaimed the baronet, "lest I spurn you from me," and flinging the hall door after him, he walked hastily to his own room.

The bell rang in about half an hour. A servant entered the apartment.

"Send Mr. Courtenay to me instantly."

"Mr. Courtenay, Sir?" said the servant.

"Did I speak plain? Mr. Courtenay; tell him that I desire to see him without delay."

"Mr. Courtenay, Sir Robert, is gone."

"Gone!" cried the baronet in surprise, "gone! where?"

"He accompanied Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert, in the carriage."

The baronet was silent for a few moments. "Thomas," said he, calmly, "saddle a horse forthwith, and ride to the next town. Hire post horses and follow Mr. Willoughby's carriage to London. Let him not observe you; but watch whether he proceeds to his own house or elsewhere. You will see me and let me know at the hotel in Oxford-street, the hotel at which I usually put up; you know it. Order my carriage instantly, I follow you in half an hour. Tell James to put up a few things, he is to accompany me."

The servant bowed and retired.

"Said I not rightly?" cried the baronet, as he arose, and hastened to his chamber, "when I told Willoughby it was a conspiracy; they shall rue it—they shall rue it."

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Robert Aylmer had not occupied the private room into which he had been ushered by the waiter of the hotel, more than ten minutes when his servant entered.

"Well, John, what news do you bring? I am not long after you, you see."

"Mr. Willoughby is in Grosvenor-square, Sir Robert, I saw him alight from his carriage."

"And Mr. Courtenay?"

"Mr. Courtenay was with him, Sir Robert."

"That will do. By-the-bye, Thomas," said he, musing, "do you remember a young girl who was accustomed to attend upon the late Mrs. Willoughby, her waiting maid?"

"I do, Sir Robert."

"Now, do you think," said the baronet, "you could obtain sight of this girl without being seen by her fellow-servants. Tell her that I wish particularly to see her, and bring her with you, if possible. I shall not detain her many minutes. Can you do this matter cleverly, think you?"

"I will endeavour, Sir Robert," answered the servant. "I might send to her from some house in the neighbourhood, or—"

"Aye, aye, to be sure, I see you understand. Now, go, and prevail upon her to come to me without delay. She shall be rewarded handsomely."

"Yes," said the baronet, when the servant had retired, "I should have questioned this girl before, she might have thrown much light upon this attempted mystery; and may still, aye, and may still."

In about an hour the servant returned. "Well, Thomas," said the baronet, "did you see her, have you brought her?"

"She is below, Sir Robert," said the servant.

"Let her come up instantly. You were not seen, I hope, by any of the servants?"

"I was not, Sir."

"Very good," said his master, as he arose and paced the room anxiously.

"This is the young woman," said the servant, re-entering and leading in a girl about twenty years of age.

"Come hither, child," said the baronet, when the servant had retired, "take this seat. I wish to ask you a few questions relative to the late Mrs. Willoughby. You accompanied her, I think, to the continent?"

"I did, Sir Robert."

"Did you observe any alteration of behaviour on the part of Mr. Willoughby towards his wife during the time they were abroad? Take time to answer me. Was Mr. Willoughby at any period kind and attentive to his wife—and was he ever otherwise?"

"When we first left London," replied the girl, "and for some time afterwards, my master and mistress appeared to live in the utmost harmony. No man could be more kind and attentive than Mr. Willoughby; but after we had been some time at Rome, where we stayed several months, his conduct altered very much."

"Have you any idea of the cause?" enquired Sir Robert.

"None, Sir."

"Was any violence ever used towards Mrs. Willoughby, that you are aware of?"

The girl hesitated. "Upon two occasions," she said slowly, "Mr. Willoughby, I believe, struck my mistress. She told me so; and we could see that his temper was much changed two months before. He was very violent and hasty."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" asked the baronet.

"Myself and my fellow-servants, Sir Robert."

"Aye, aye. Now tell me," continued the baronet earnestly, "do you know, or was there any conjecture amongst you, as to the cause of this behaviour?"

"We thought, Sir," replied the girl, "that Mr. Willoughby might have been rather gay, for he was frequently from home; and that my mistress, perhaps, had remonstrated with him."

"To be sure," said the baronet. "By heaven! the most probable conjecture; but tell me, child, how did these scenes end, these two occasions of which you spoke, did not your mistress attempt to leave him?"

"I believe she did," answered the young woman, "for one of the servants overheard my master in very high words with the Marquis Riccardi, and we supposed that it was Mrs. Willoughby's intention to place herself under the protection of his family."

"And who is the Marquis Riccardi?" enquired the baronet.

"A young Italian nobleman, Sir, with whose family Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had been very intimate."

"A young Italian nobleman," repeated the baronet, "well, girl, and did your mistress succeed in leaving the house?"

"She did not, Sir. Mr. Willoughby locked her in her own room; and we left Rome on the next day. It was said that a duel had taken place, and that my master had killed the marquis, but of this we are

not certain, for we came to England in haste, and Mr. Willoughby's man, who attended him, would never satisfy us as to what took place on the morning of our departure. They did meet, however."

"And this is all you know," enquired the baronet, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection.

"It is, Sir."

"It was his conduct to her," said the baronet half-musingly, "that preyed upon her, that killed her, that murdered her, was it not, child? tell me, you were with her during her illness, from the first, at her bedside when she expired, was not this the cause?"

"I think it was," said the girl; "but my poor mistress was so gentle that she never uttered a word of complaint against Mr. Willoughby."

"She *was* so gentle," said the baronet in a low tone; "but she is now in heaven, child, where the weary are at rest."

"I knew there was something that preyed upon her mind," added the girl, "for my mistress often spoke, when she was delirious, of something that she wished to get back from Mr. Willoughby, some paper, I think it was, she was always referring to it."

"True, true," said Sir Robert, "she spoke of it when she was dying; I heard her speak of it. Well, girl, you have told me all you know, and I thank you. Take this," and he handed her some gold, "hereafter I will think of some adequate recompence to you for your attention to my daughter. Good morning."

"And why delay this longer," said the baronet rising and ringing the bell. "What need of further testimony? has he not been tried, judged, and convicted? do we need proof where the truth is obvious? I have trifled too long; it is time to be in earnest."

"Thomas," said he, as the servant entered the room, "I am going out, and shall return in about an hour, let my carriage be in readiness. I go to Dover, and shall proceed from thence to Paris. Let there be no delay."

He followed the servant down stairs. "Get the carriage out at once," said he, as he left the house, "I may be less than an hour gone, and the occasion is urgent."

In a few minutes the baronet was at the door of Willoughby's house. "Mr. Willoughby is within," said he as the porter appeared, "is he up stairs?"

"He is, Sir Robert," said the man.

"You need not announce me, I will find him myself," and the baronet hastily proceeded up stairs, and laying his hand upon the lock, flung open the door of the parlour.

Mr. Courtenay was alone, seated by the fire and reading.

"Sir Robert Alymer," he cried, rising in alarm, and involuntarily extending his hand.

"Mr. Courtenay," said the baronet, approaching him and putting by his hand, "where is your master?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the priest in agitation.

"Your master, or your pupil, which is it?" said the baronet with a sneer. "Where is he? Willoughby."

"He is in the next room, Sir Robert," answered the priest, "and must not be disturbed; he is making preparations to depart the country. You will see him no more."

"Must not be disturbed," cried the baronet, "but I *must* see him, Mr. Courtenay, your authority is of somewhat recent growth."

"My dear Sir Robert," cried the priest hurriedly, "be calm; let me implore you to be calm. You will never again be insulted by the sight of Mr. Willoughby. It is his intention to leave England for many years, for ever."

"He did not tell me that," said the baronet, "I should wish to take my leave of him before he goes. He is in that room, is he not?" and the baronet pointed to the door of an inner apartment.

"In the name of God," said the priest earnestly, "I conjure you not to see him again; and if the circumstance of my having accompanied him from Euston Hall has caused you to suspect him wrongfully, I will return with you. Heaven is my witness, I meant well; I would not have left you but for good reasons; I have done it for the best, I have done it for—"

"A purpose, doubtless," interrupted the baronet, "best known to yourself. You *have* done it for the best. The future may be better than the past, and the hope of advantage is stronger than the sense of gratitude. But what have I to do with *your* reasons," he continued bitterly, "it is with him that I wish to speak; you and I, Mr. Courtenay, are from henceforth strangers." So saying, the baronet advanced to the door, the priest following him.

"I have come once more to see you, Mr. Willoughby," said the baronet entering, and the young man started up from a desk at which he had been writing, "I am born, you see, to trouble you."

"You are, Sir," said Willoughby proudly, "but I half expected you, and am prepared. Your conduct to me has been such that I can hold no further communication with you. You know not, Sir Robert, how I have restrained my naturally hasty temper out of regard for your feelings, and in consideration of your age. Do not interrupt me; hear me for one moment. This I can promise you, that you shall never see my face again; I am about to quit England, and for ever. No further satisfaction shall you have from me. I owe to myself and to you to preserve eternal silence respecting the past. Do I not, Mr. Courtenay?"

"You do," said Courtenay solemnly.

"And do you think," cried Sir Robert, in a quiet sarcastic tone, "and do you think, Sir, that I am to be put off by these grave face-makings, and by the mumbling of yonder priest? Let me tell you, Sir, that I will have your secret, as you have called it, or an equivalent."

"For heaven's sake," interrupted Courtenay, "be not so violent, restrain yourself, Sir Robert."

"Stand back, Sir," said the baronet promptly, "lest I strike you to the earth. Look you, Willoughby, you owe something, you say, to yourself and to me. What you owe to yourself, you may keep to yourself; what you owe me, you shall pay. Now, Sir, you left a deed with me yesterday morning, the liberality demands return. I

also have a deed here," and he thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, "which, perhaps, will leave us quits."

The baronet drew forth a pistol hastily, and discharged the contents into the bosom of Willoughby.

"Merciful God!" cried the priest in horror, rushing between them, as Willoughby staggered backwards, and fell upon the floor with a heavy groan, "Sir Robert Aylmer, what have you done?"

"An act," said the baronet, laying down the pistol, "which heaven applauds, an act which is seldom seen upon this earth, an act of justice."

"Raise me a little," said the dying man, in a faint voice, "let my head rest upon your shoulder; thank you, Mr. Courtenay. Aylmer, you have killed me; but I pity and forgive you. You must tell him all, Courtenay. My name must not go down into the grave with ignominy—the room turns round with me—I am dying—there—there."

At these words, his head fell back upon the priest's shoulder—his arm dropped by his side, and with a deep sigh he expired.

Courtenay laid down the body gently, and taking the wrist of Willoughby with one hand, laid the other softly upon his bosom.

"He is dead," he groaned, "but his name shall not go down to the grave with ignominy. I will tell all," and as he arose he burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. "What have you done?" he exclaimed, and he approached and seized the baronet, whom he shook violently. "Do you know what you have done? you have slain as noble a gentleman as ever walked this earth, and why? shall I tell you at once, his wife, your daughter, was false, false."

The baronet sprang back and stood transfixed. Not a breath appeared to issue from his mouth, and his eyes glared wildly; but presently he moved his hands as though he would collect his whole strength together for one great effort. He approached the priest slowly, and on tiptoe. "That again," he said in a hollow whisper.

"She was false, Sir Robert," cried the priest, "strike me, kill me, I fear you not. 'Tis true as heaven is true."

"'Tis false as hell is false," shouted the baronet, "she false! then were heaven untrue. It can't, it can't, it cannot be. Hah!"

With a loud shriek the baronet clasped his head with his hands. "Can it be?" he gasped, "can it be? where, where?"

"Oh! this is dreadful," groaned Courtenay. "It was at Rome, Sir. There was a marquis, an Italian, his name Riccardi, whom Willoughby killed in a duel. He was the man."

The baronet placed one hand in his neckcloth, and his eyes rolled wildly. They fell upon the body of Willoughby. He went and knelt down by the side of the corpse, and gazed upon it. "Who killed this man?" he said quietly, looking up, "who killed this man? did I? I believe I did; oh! for a world to give in purchase of his life again." He sprang up suddenly. "Ha! ha!" he cried with savage glee, "a lie, a deep-laid, cunning, damned lie. I see it all."

"It is too true," cried Courtenay mournfully.

"Evidence," said the baronet quickly.

"There is his man below who attended him at the duel with Riccardi, and heard the confession of the dying man."

"Send for him up stairs," cried the baronet; "but no, no," he added vaguely, "that were too degrading."

"I have a paper also," said the priest slowly, "which Mr. Willoughby compelled his wife to sign, in which all is confessed; and this he did, fearing that you would call him to account for his desertion of her, to be produced in the last resort."

The baronet started, and fixed his eyes upon the priest earnestly. "I shall go mad," he said, "but not yet. I am here, Courtenay; open the paper and place it into this hand; but come not near me when I have read it, lest I tear you to pieces; keep the air from me, it weighs upon my brain. Give it to me now, now."

The baronet stood with one hand tightly grasping his head, and the other outstretched at arm's length. The priest approached, and gave the paper to him. He held it firmly and gazed upon it. There was no motion of his eye when he had perused the paper. It rested upon the signature. Several minutes elapsed.

"Sir Robert, Sir Robert Aylmer," cried the priest in alarm, and he approached a few paces.

The baronet fell back without a groan.

Courtenay drew near, and knelt down by his side. Sir Robert Aylmer was no more!

ODE TO ETERNITY.

GAZE o'er the world; five thousand years
Have well nigh lengthened out their way,
With all their passions, pangs, and fears;
Yet look they like a summer's day,
Compared in space to thee,
Eternity!

Man pants and toils; thrones rise on high;
Nations fling glory's banners forth;
Fierce shoutings vex the concave sky,
And monarchs strut the earth,
But what are kings to thee,
Eternity!

The pulse of time still labouring heaves,
The stream of hours still onward flows,
Death shakes the tree: *and human leaves
Are torn away from their repose,
Fluttering for fear to thee,
Eternity!

Where are Assyria's men of might?
Where Persia's conquest smitten race?
Where Macedon? oh shadowy night
Art thou, art *thou* their dwelling place?
Yes, they are gone to thee,
Eternity!

* οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν, κ. τ. λ. HOMER.

My voice hath not an echo : gone !
 Assyria, Persia, are no more,
 Thy mighty wrecks, oh ! Babylon,
 Are tossed upon an unknown shore,
 The phantom-shore of thee,
 Eternity !

Still, still the pulse of action throbs,
 The pangs of time still follow,
 Still folly laughs or feeling sobs,
 And hearts and cheeks are hollow ;
 But what is this to thee ?
 Eternity !

All live, all suffer, all depart,
 Beauty and valour, power and pride,
 What *has been* from the yearning heart,
 Draws tributary grief, beside
 The funeral urn of thee,
 Eternity !

What *has been is*, and still *will be* ;
 Time hath no pause to his career,
 No page to all his history,
 No check, no change, no hope, no fear,
 But what belongs to thee,
 Eternity.

So goes the world, from hour to day,
 From day to year, from year to age ;
 And, when e'en Time hath passed away,
 'Twill leave no trace upon thy page,
 No rain-drop in thy mighty sea,
 Eternity.

Past—Present—Future, are thine own,
 A point within thy wondrous plan ;
 What art thou then, immense unknown,
 That fancy's dim eye fails to scan
 The faintest shadowing of thee,
 Eternity !

What art thou, unimagined space,
 Unmeasured measureless abyss !
 Oh ! human mind can never trace
 A compass to a thought like this,
 A boundlessness like thee,
 Eternity !

E'en Reason's godlike gift is vain !
 Less vain to tame the foaming sea ;
 Less vain to count the gathering grain
 Upon the sands of Araby,
 Than body aught of thee,
 Oh ! vast Eternity !

W. G. T.

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

AN IRISH STORY.

NOT far from Cork is Blackrock, and not far from Blackrock is Passage, and not far from Passage are the Giant's Stairs. These consist of huge masses of rock, which have been piled upon one another by Nature so wildly and strangely as to resemble the steps which a giant would take were he to make a progress from the ground-floor up to the top story.

It so happened that on a fine summer's evening, as three jolly fishermen were sitting on the shore between Blackrock and Passage, and were laughing at each other's jokes, they chose for the subject of their conversation these wonderful stairs, and one of the party elicited *stares* of another description from his companions by the following display of his knowledge on the subject in question.

"I've heard," said he (pausing and looking round, to be certain that none were by but themselves)—I've *haard* that a giant once lived in that rock, and that he was very good to the poor fishermen, and the like, and that if they *tuck* no fish if they went to his home in the rock at night and brought with them some *illigant* present, he'd be polite enough the next morning to whirl the mackerel into their boats by bucketsfull." "By *de* powers," says another, "this same giant must be a very proper *gintleman*." "You may say that with your purty mouth, and tell no lie neither," rejoined the first spokesman. "It's a pity he an't just living there now," observed the third. "Och! and he may," said the first, "and if I knew the boys that would *attind* me" (said the second), "but I'll go." "And so will I too," said the third. "Why then it looks," (said the first), "as if we'd all go; now I'll tell you what we'll do boys—its getting dark, we'll loose the boat, and we'll be off just now."*

This being agreed upon, after smoking a pipe or two more they proceeded towards the boat, and having entered it were speedily floating towards the place of their destination. The night set in darker than usual, and the beauteous scenery on each side of the river became mingled in huge masses of shadow. In Passage they beheld a few moving lights, which only served to make this place of ruin more discernible; they soon glided by it, and all was perfect silence, the light dipping of their own oars and the gentle and distant rolling of the tide on the shore, were all that they heard, saving the comforting tones of their own voices. At length they beheld rising in rugged solemnity and grandeur the Giant's Stairs. Each looked at his companion significantly, as much as to say, "We have reached the place where our adventures are to begin." They then proceeded to near in to the shore, the boat now grated along the pebbly shelving of the river, and *Paddeen* (which was the name of the proposer of this expedition) valorously leapt on the land. His two companions

* A phrase invariably used in Ireland for by-and-bye.

followed him, and when they had made fast the boat, they proceeded to ascend the Giant's Stairs, which it must be confessed they did, with a huge proportion of circumspection. At length they gained the top. They now paused to breathe, and looked at each other with the air of triumph supposed to be experienced by adventurous explorers when they venture into the heart of a savage country. They then proceeded cautiously down the other side of the rock, and as they were anxiously pressing forward they thought they heard voices. "Hist!" (says Paddeen) "tread on tip-toe." "On what," said his companions. "I *mane* go on your hands and knees," rejoined the other.

They all then crept close together, scarcely daring to breathe, and Paddeen, who was determined to be foremost, crept on a little way in advance, and still declared he heard a noise. Sometimes he thought it resembled distant thunder, which he surmised could be nothing else than the giant's *brathing*. His other two companions proposed to raise a *whilliloo*, but this vocal display Paddeen would not allow—so on they went. As they proceeded the noise increased, and the ground became wet. This singular discovery our travellers were enabled to make from the circumstance of their being attired in the every-day dress of the poor people of Ireland, that is, *without gloves on their feet*. They, like other travellers, immediately set about accounting for every phenomenon they met with, and this they made out entirely to their satisfaction, as they one and all declared this "*mountain dew*" to be a sure token that they were on a right scent, as wherever that was a *spirit* was to be found.

Just as they had drawn this conclusion they felt the ground tremble slightly beneath them, and what appeared on one side of them to be a slanting piece of the rock, gradually opened, and finally vanished altogether, leaving a vacant and dark chasm. The party gazed at each other with mute amazement. At length they took courage and resolved to explore the dismal entrance. They proceeded altogether, and looking in they beheld a flight of steps just wide enough to admit the descent of a broad-built Munster man. They were in doubt what course to pursue. They soon however determined on descending, but then a question arose among them as to who should go first, when in the midst of their cogitations a voice in the purest *Milesian* dialect saluted them from below, adapting the following polite invitation to a real wild Irish melody; it ran thus:—

"Down, down, Paddeen Hoorigan,
Bring with you two,
Tim Dwyer, Dick Flannigan."

"That's me, and that's you, and that's him, and by de Cove of Cork it's all of us," (says Paddeen). "Now I'm the *broth of a boy* that will go first, and you two *spalpeens* shall go next, and then we'll go altogether, and I'll just show you the way." Paddeen then put his right foot on the ladder (for such the steps really were), he next made a sign to his two companions to follow him, which they did with great gravity, and when they had all three descended to the bottom, they heard the rock close in above them with a slight noise.

The next object that met their attention was a little, fat, bald-headed man, with his coat off, hard at work at a good-sized still, which was sending out smoke as rapidly as the chimney of Captain O'Brien's Cove steam-boat. They surveyed him for a short time very intently, and thought it prudent not to come upon him too suddenly; while moving along as silently and cautiously as they conveniently could, our host of the mountain broke forth in an ecstasy with "*The Whiskey is getting on ilegantly.*" He then went round to the other side of his manufactory to see that all was progressing properly thereabouts, and the little fat man soon returned capering and singing—

"'Twas to brew the strong drink that we paddies were made,
And he who of stiff whiskey punch is afraid
Had better be put with a shovel to bed,
With a tree at his feet, and a turf at his head.

"Derry down."

Before the little man could accomplish a second verse, Paddeen exclaimed to his companions, "If ever any short-bodied man on two legs spoke with another man's voice, that little man *spakes* with the voice of *ould* Macarthy of Ballintemple." "Somebody's a *whishpering* sure," says the little man cocking his ear. "That's him" (said Paddeen listening), "That's *ould* Macarthy, or else he has been *sprited* away, and this poor *crature* left in his place." This exclamation was shouted forth in so loud a tone, that the little old man turned round and recognized his visitors in less than no time. "Oh, ho!" (says Paddeen,) "you are the giant are you?" "Your *sarvant*, Mr. Timothy Macarthy, of Ballintemple." "And pray sir, what do giants live upon hereabouts?" "Why," (says Macarthy, for so in truth he was,) "what's most *natteral* to them. We are *fairy* people, and of *coorse* we're very fond of *spirits*." At this joke the fishermen thought it only consistent with the politeness of real Irish gentlemen to set up a laugh. "May be," (continues old Macarthy,) "you'd like to make the acquaintance of some of our spirits." "With the greatest pleasure in life," (replies Paddeen,) "what say you boys?" "Faith and we would," exclaimed all the visitors at one and the same time. "And so you shall lads," says Macarthy, and without any more *bother* he made them seats around his still, this he effected by turning up a couple of tubs, and turning out a three-corner joint stool. He then supplied them with plenty of pipes and tobacco, and they soon fell to work vigorously.

They demolished huge quantities of the mountain dew of the little old man's brewing, and while thus laudably employed they told a choice variety of marvellous and facetious stories, and kept smoking, singing, and punch drinking until their host began to think it was high time each gentleman should consider of the propriety of putting on his night-cap. Old Macarthy accordingly ventured to give them the most delicate hint in the world, and they instantly felt that they were intruding, for be it known, that although the Irish are an ill-used and hard-drinking people, they possess notions of etiquette of the most sensitive description.

Each made shift in his own peculiar eloquence to bid "good night" to old Macarthy, and to compliment him after the Munster fashion,

on his hospitality, all promising him at the same time, in a very determined manner, the favour of a second visit, which gratification he by no means insisted on. He then ushered them out of his domicile, and left them on the exterior side of the rock, where they found that the strength of the whiskey prevented their descent being over deliberate, however,—partly by rolling, and partly by scrambling, they contrived to reach the bottom of the Giant's Stairs, and just as day was beginning to light up the clear blue waters of the Cove of Cork, they were found fast asleep in their boat by Lieutenant Mac Gillicuddy, who was in the long yawl of "The Shark," revenue cutter, on the look-out for a choice cargo of contraband tobacco, which he had received information was likely to be run ashore about daybreak.

Not one of them blabbed about the visit he had paid; but when they got clear of "The Shark" they enjoined each other to secrecy by a "big oath," and it was agreed unanimously that they should take an early opportunity of drinking old Macarthy's health in his own liquor, and ascend again THE GIANT'S STAIRS. R. R.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A TUTOR WANTED.

A Tutor for my son I want
 In "sables" new and nice,
 With abundance of acquirements,
 At very moderate price.
 No miracle or prodigy
 In this case do I seek,
 But simply one, who every tongue
 With fluency can speak.
 He must, too, be acquainted well
 With all the foreign classics,
 And every problem solve with ease
 In globes and mathematics.
 And he must sing and dance a bit,
 Play chess, draughts, and *ecarté*,
 And brilliant and amusing be
 When I've a pleasant party.
 He must, too, make conundrums,
 To please my Christmas folks,
 And tell all sorts of stories,
 And none but first-rate jokes.
 The salary is small I give,
 Nor will he have much leisure,
 But then think how genteel he'll live,
 And how refined each pleasure.
 If he will pay his "up and down,"
 I'll see how deep his sense is,
 For there's a learned parson here
 Can bother him with tenses.
 From Town I'm scarce three hundred miles,
 They'll bring him in "The Rocket,"
 And, if he should not suit, he'll be
 But five pounds out of pocket!

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.*—No. 2.

(Continued from page 354.)

It is a question of much importance, why the human understanding after making so rapid an advance in Asia, should have suddenly ceased to progress and have remained inactive during a long series of centuries, while among the Greeks, though later in taking its first flight, it made large strides towards perfection, and was the cradle of that famous era which is memorable for its discoveries and productions even at this date.

Many circumstances combined to produce this effect. Causes peculiar to and inherent in science and the course it then followed had an essential influence on the difference of these destinies. Probably there was nothing which had a more direct tendency to retard the progress of philosophy in the east than the division into castes. History teaches us that wherever this division prevails an impenetrable barrier is opposed to the march of improvement. The spirit of emulation is extinguished, and ambition, the greatest incentive to labour, perishes in the absence of those honours which it aspires to as the reward of its industry.

The commerce of ideas, by which the mistakes of individuals are rectified, is checked, the privilege of knowledge, reserved in the east for a favoured caste, by being a privilege generated pride, the source of errors as well as an obstacle to their correction. As all knowledge was confined to the members of a caste, it was in itself a patrimony by which they retained their superiority. The mystery, which was an indispensable condition of this privilege, prevented free discussion and promoted the use of enigmatical expressions and obscure notions. They readily renounced the power of understanding themselves to obtain the advantage of not being understood by others.

When the Greeks began the study of philosophy they were not shackled by any such bonds. Their priests had neither hereditary distinction nor peculiar privilege, except in their sacerdotal character. The poets, their first philosophers as well as historians, instead of closing their records to the eye of the vulgar, adapted their productions to the taste of the multitude, and eagerly sought their applause. The productions of genius were common property, the riches of a nation. Following the example of the poets, wise men redoubled their efforts to surpass each other in the study of positive science. They preached their doctrines in open day, and if the story be true of Anaximander's being insulted in the course of a lecture by a child, we cannot suppose they were revered as more than mortals or beings exempted from the pains incidental to humanity. Among the Asiatics the superior station pre-existed, and the knowledge was communicated as an attribute of it. Among the Greeks, dignity of place was the re-

* It is right to state that the materials of these papers have been chiefly derived from the valuable work of M. Degerando.

ward of uncommon abilities and attainments. In this system of public instruction and discussion then consists one of the principal reasons why the Greeks were not condemned to the same sudden close in the progress of philosophical science to which their precursors on the same road were subjected.

Another fatal impediment to the advancement of knowledge was the absolute power which prevailed in the east. That unlimited despotism which disinherited nature of her rights, and reducing men to a blind and unlimited obedience, deprived them of the free and independent use of their reason. Lastly, the Indians and Persians were a sedentary people; the Chaldees and Egyptians avoided all commerce with strangers, and these last feared to trust themselves to the terrors of the sea. Thus, shut up among themselves they could not borrow from elsewhere the light they did not themselves possess. They were forced to confine themselves to their hereditary traditions, and the exclusiveness of the source from which they derived their knowledge reduced their science to mere and sterile imitation.

Following the traces of the Phenicians, the first navigators, the Greeks undertook voyages and entertained relations with foreign countries. The Greek colonies were peculiarly adapted for the advancement of learning by the advantages they derived from an intimate connexion with the habits and manners of the people to whose vicinity they migrated, and by the unbroken relations with the mother country. Accordingly, among the Ionians we find the first instruction given in philosophy. To the spirit of mercantile enterprise and the political views which caused voyages and emigrations the Greeks added the desire of observing the manners of the orientals and penetrating the mysterious depositories of secret doctrines and traditionary lore which were to be found in the possession of their privileged castes. Mythologies and allegories, every species of tradition when borrowed from one people by another become more obscure among the borrowers than they were among the lenders, for they are further removed from the source of truth. But this is not the case with true knowledge when imparted to a fresh understanding unfettered by acquired prejudices and unaccustomed to the discrepancies and errors to be met with in the subject matter transmitted. It undergoes a new ordeal in which it is purged from the dross and refined till it shines with a purity it possessed not among its inventors. Sober reason often supplies that which energetic imagination has not in its power, and thus advances a theory or system to perfection of which it would never have made in original discovery.

When the Greek philosophers arrived in Egypt and the east, the sages of those countries were fallen into a state of mental sloth; their curiosity was extinct, and the propagation among their own sects of the doctrines they received from their forefathers formed the whole circle of their wisdom, but their foreign visitants arrived with the keen edge of curiosity unblunted by satiety and were surprised by the contrasts between their doctrines and their own. To them they had all the racy interest of novelty, and they felt themselves at liberty to receive or reject, to divide or to accumulate those of their new acquisitions which they thought reasonable or unreasonable, adapted for

the advancement of learning, or incapable of being turned to any useful account.

We now come to the second series of causes, of which we have before spoken, of the decline and progress of science in the east and Greece respectively.

There are two sorts of functions to be attributed to the imagination:—the one consists in the reproduction of the traces of sensible impressions, the other in forming new combinations of the elements of these impressions.

Where the first of these predominates to the exclusion of the other, it rather arrests than favours the progress of the understanding. It is one of the most fruitful causes of error and delusion. It enslaves the reason, and is absorbed in the consideration of the images it has produced, which remain isolated and unfruitful, the links and affinities being unbroken which analogy establishes between different ideas.

This picturesque faculty has the principal share in the first production of science; but it fills up with marvellous fictions those voids which experience alone ought to enable us to occupy. The magical effect of these fictions prevents our observing their want of a solid foundation. The curiosity is satisfied and destroyed, and a vague contemplation, which enjoys what it thinks it possesses rather than seeks what it knows it is ignorant of, takes place of the spirit of investigation.

The latter function of combination is the true source of invention; it aids the progress of science and philosophy more materially than is generally believed. This *architectural* imagination, if we may use the expression, is to the mind what sport is to childhood—a healthful exercise. It scatters flowers over the path by which we are to arrive at our object, by incessantly exciting the curiosity from the novelty of its conceptions; it arouses the sluggish activity of the wearied spirit by inducing it to labour on its materials under new shapes; it breaks the chains of habit by offering different relations from those supplied by memory. Analogy is the instrument by which it performs its wonders and creates a harmony in science.

Of these two characters of the imagination the former did then and still does predominate in the east from the effects of climate, custom, and institutions; even their works of literature always contains some wild fancies and monstrous fictions whose brilliant colours dazzle the imagination and hide from the careless observer their want of symmetry and plan.

The Greeks combined these two properties of the imagination in a fortunate concert; they borrowed from nature the brilliant colours in which she adorns her work, but did not neglect the skilful harmony which is equally found in them. Hence, among the Greeks the soul which animated their paintings, their sculpture and their architecture, and spread over their productions an ineffable charm.

Hence that perception of true beauty which among them conducted the arts so rapidly to a perfection which has not been surpassed or even equalled in all succeeding ages. A thousand favourable circumstances seconded their efforts; the remembrance of the heroic ages, the passion for glory and its reward, the national festivals, the forms of public worship, and their free estate. Poesy, above all, flourished

in its greatest splendour. They produced the first poet both in time and place, for no such production properly so called was previously in existence. Even at the dawn of their greatness Homer appeared, and imagined a poem which, like the fabled Pallas, sprung full grown and perfect from the brain of the author of its existence.

CHAPTER II.

IONIAN SCHOOL.--*Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras.*

The art of eloquence and its cultivation has contributed not a little to the progress of philosophy. An orator must either persuade or convince, or he has failed in his object. For the first purpose it is necessary for him to apply himself to the study of the heart and understanding. For the latter, he must employ proofs, and establish arguments which rest on some reasonable foundation. Gratuitous and unsupported assertions carry but little weight when subjected to the criticism of unwilling disciples. The prejudices of habit or nature present a real obstacle which must be overcome by a real force. This necessity will insensibly lead the orator to studies which appear at first sight the peculiar province of the philosopher. He too will not look on idly and allow his patrimony to be usurped, but will vindicate the arts of logic and disputation as his rights, and the mutual jealousy of individual members of society will be turned to the advantage of the public. Wherever then oratory was cultivated with more than common care, philosophy would acquire a corresponding energy, and spread its dominion over a wider extent; and Greece has given birth to more numerous and more celebrated orators than any other country of the world. From the nature of the circumstances in which the Greeks were placed, and the mode in which their minds were first developed, four principal effects resulted which by their combination formed a sort of philosophic education which sooner or later was destined to bear rich fruit. The enthusiasm which results from this indulgence of generous passions, the admiration excited by the contemplation of the chief d'œuvres of art, the variety of their spectacles, and the constant changes in the state of political affairs, all tended to free the ideas from mannerism or prejudice, while curiosity found ample food in the constant succession of novelties. The light and fanciful character of the fine arts so ardently pursued by the Greeks, might have infected their learning with the taint of superficiality but for the exalted character and station with which wisdom and knowledge were invested. Their legislators and public instructors, and the principal officers of state, were all chosen from among such as had made ethical philosophy an object of paramount importance in the seven studies they entered on. The human understanding tried its strength gradually in generalization and deduction, and the taste for order and symmetry produced this classification of every different species of knowledge. The genius of wisdom alone was wanting to give birth to a regular system of philosophy, nor was this want long left unsupplied.

We must begin with Thales, as the first who gave a new direction to the stream of ideas, more by his example than by his precepts.

The curiosity with which we revert to this subject can, unfortunately, be but very partially gratified, from the obscurity which envelopes it. Thales taught little in public, and wrote less. Occupied with the important affairs of the government of his own country (Miletus), he studied from taste, and contented himself with communicating his discoveries to his immediate friends. We have, however, some authentic records of opinions attributed to him which are sufficient to explain the nature of the revolution he originated in the kingdom of philosophy.

Thales was a mathematician and astronomer. He predicted an eclipse of the sun, and had tolerably correct notions of the figure of the earth and the planetary motions. He travelled for the improvement of his knowledge, and visited Crete and Egypt, where he displayed his superiority of learning over the priests, and taught them to measure the pyramids by the shadows they cast. Instead of blindly following the doctrines communicated by these sages, he threw aside all supernatural methods of accounting for the origin of existing matter; he endeavoured to deduce its previous nature from its present state: hence the title of physical (*φυσικῆς* nature) applied to the disciples of the Ionian school.

This is the distinguishing merit of Thales. He separated physics from the metaphysics, and so made the first step towards the distinct division which has since been made between these branches of science.

To Thales is universally attributed the doctrine that "water is the universal principle." It is but just to give his own explanation of his dogma. He did not assign to it the dignity of a cause, but considered it the primitive source from which all other forms of matter were organized.

We must not criticise too closely this conceit, which is not altogether unfounded on fact, but recollect that in a species of research entirely novel he gave in three respects a good example. Firstly, not satisfied, like his predecessors, with gratuitous affirmations, he endeavoured to prove the truth of his assertions. Secondly, he adduced from experience the analogy in which he sought for his proofs. Lastly, instead of treating natural phenomena as isolated, he supposed them to be links of a great chain which united them, being the first promulgator of the ideas of general laws in nature. With him too originated the doctrine that nature abhors a vacuum.

Of his notions on psychology we know but little. One apophthegm remains: "The essence of soul is spontaneous movement." Thales has been accused of atheism, on the ground that he admitted none but material causes. His best vindication, perhaps, is the opinion expressed by Cicero:—*Aquam dixit rerum initium,—Deum autem, eam mentem quæ ex eâ omnia fingeret.* "He considered water the origin of all things, and the Deity as that intelligence which could give figure and solidity to this primitive matter."

In summing up the few facts which we know concerning the father of the Ionic school, we obtain nevertheless some important conclusions. We see that he dared to think for himself, and was the founder of physical science; separating it from the heterogeneous mixture from which were derived cosmogonies and theogonies. He was the first

creator of a complete and regular system, in which he adopted hypotheses derived by induction from the experience of facts, and in this light capable of being applied to more profound researches. If he instituted no precise method for the use of others, he was at least the first who knew how to prepare one for his own.

Anaximander, his friend rather than his disciple, profited by his example, and advanced some steps in the career of science. He wrote a book on Nature. Thales had given the first example of a demonstrated principle; Anaximander endeavoured to render his demonstration more vigorous, and in this endeavour he arrived at a purely metaphysical syllogism—"Nothing comes of nothing." Thus originated the celebrated axiom on which all the philosophy of the Greeks for many years turned as one proof. It contains the most extended possible generalization of the principle of reproduction.

Commencing from this fundamental proposition, he arrived at a conclusion which astonishes by its boldness—"Infinity is the beginning of all things." Nothing which admitted of change or confinement appeared to him sufficiently great for the universal and perpetual generation of beings.

Like Thales, he confounded the idea of a producing *cause* with *elements* on which the effect was produced by the agency of the cause.

Anaximander, as well as Thales, endeavoured to establish some general laws of nature; such as the constant and mutual attraction of the homogeneous particles of matter to one another. By the effects of this attraction the forms of material bodies are produced, and motion as well as reproduction are eternal. Bodies like worlds are subject to continual revolution, and the destruction of one only takes place in order to the formation of another. Heat and cold are the two instruments of composition and decomposition.

Anaximenes, a man of less originality and boldness of thought than his two predecessors, admitting the doctrine of Anaximander with respect to the infinite substance, which was the first principle, sought for the seat of this principle in space. He considered the air which fills space and so rapidly takes any form which is attempted to be given to it to have the properties most appropriate for the universal element. To the air he attributed life, the power of motion—even thought.

It was requisite that that from which all beings emanated should itself contain the qualities essential to these beings; hence he considered the soul as an ærial being, if by *air* he means the substance vulgarly so called, the atmosphere which we breathe. At all events the merit of recognizing the notion of intelligence and volition as indigenous in the first cause belongs to him. Of the many moral axioms of Anaximenes preserved by Stobæus, the most remarkable is perhaps this:—"Poverty teaches wisdom, for she is the mother of industry."

At length comes the name of the illustrious Anaxagoras. His existence deservedly makes an epoch in the history of philosophy. He was the first philosopher who taught within the walls of Athens, and his doctrines contained a sublime theory on the first cause. With him

philosophy abandoned the Ionian colonies of Greece. The tyranny of the Satraps expelled it from these fair countries to seek a refuge among the free nations of Europe.

The doctrine on the nature of a first cause propagated by Anaxagoras had this object in view ;—the setting the sublime idea of a divinity in the true light with respect to its relations with the laws of the universe. It is distinguished by two essential characters.

First,—The system of emanations and those of pantheism derived from it ; nay, even the opinion of the earlier Ionian philosophers associated the idea of elementary matter with the first cause of production, and conceived the world itself to be an animated whole to which the Divinity stood in the relation of a soul, the producer being as it were identified with the produced.

Anaxagoras was the first who distinctly separated these notions from their mutual confusion. In his eyes the universe was perfectly distinct from the cause of its production ; this cause had nothing in common with other beings ; its nature was exclusively its own ; it was one as it was eternal ; it acted on the world as the workman on the materials supplied him. Thus the first cause, which had hitherto been considered to consist essentially in “ power,” was now distinguished by the attribute of “ intelligence.”

Secondly,—Up to this time the truth the most splendid, the most precious to humanity, had not been developed by an explicit demonstration. The multitude believed it from the instinct of nature and religion ; the few who thought profoundly felt that the chain of effects must return to some first active cause in which there existed volition and thought, but they had not reduced this opinion to a methodical system or a harmony with the general laws of nature. Anaxagoras was the first who expressly announced the connexion of the phenomenon of nature ; their intimate union ; that they formed part of a great whole, governed by a supreme law, and that this unity consists in an intelligence omnipotent, omniscient, and uncontrollable.

It is remarkable that no such demonstration as this was possible until the ideas of magic, genii, and all supernatural agents were banished from the creeds of wise men. But the history of the human intellect is replete with examples of the obstacles thrown in the way of healthy notions of religion by the trammels of superstition.

When Anaxagoras proclaimed this great revelation of reason, he was accused of impiety, prosecuted, and thrown into prison, and flight alone saved him from the vengeance of the priesthood and the blind fury of the rabble. His crime was the having said the stars were not gods, and astrology a fable.

As the day-star at its first rising is confounded with the mists of the horizon, so imperfect were the earlier views on the subject of a first cause. As the day-star in its progress becomes the isolated monarch of the heavens, so was the idea of a first cause exalted in the doctrines of Anaxagoras.

We must not, however, suppose this great man to have been exempt from errors. But a short view of the opinions attributed to him will better enable us to appreciate the march of his intellect.

Devoted by inclination to the study of physical science, he brought to it a spirit of observation which made him suspect the truth of many

modern discoveries ; as for instance, the weight of the atmosphere. Following the traces of his precursors in science, he began with the axiom—"Nothing comes of nothing." Hence he deduced that all which is results from that which *has been* ; that there were certain immutable, indivisible, eternal elements ; that these elements are of various natures, and contain in themselves the germ of what appertains afterwards to their compounds.

All these elements mixed and confounded formed chaos. This chaos was motionless, dead as it were, and enveloped in a boundless ether, so that there existed no void.

It was necessary then that there should exist some cause independent of this chaos which might give its elements form and motion. This cause is the supreme intelligence ; for intelligence alone can be a principle of order, and all that is good and fitting emanates from it alone.

This intelligence must embrace all ; the past, the present, and the future. Its power is immeasurable ; its activity spontaneous. It is pure and free from all mixture, therefore it is independent of all subjection or influence, therefore it is infinite and eternal.

Some doubts have arisen as to whether he established an absolute distinction between matter and spirit ; it being supposed by some that the substance of his divinity was the ether. But there seems to be no good foundation for these misgivings, as he expressly places the air and ether under the agency of the supreme intelligence. And his not using the word God to name his first cause, is sufficiently explained by the base purposes to which that sacred word was then prostituted.

The following trite sentences will end our sketch of Anaxagoras's system of philosophy. "Three principal acts show the power of the first cause :—First, it impresses motion ; Secondly, it collects the elements proper for co-organization ; Thirdly, it decomposes existing bodies, in order to form new ones from their wrecks. This intelligence penetrates all, governs all, presents itself in all things. It is itself the principle of life." We have no account of the moral doctrines of Anaxagoras, but the course of his life affords examples superior to any maxims in their utility. Possessed of a competent fortune, he preferred the study of science to the enjoyment of it, and courageously endured the persecutions of fanaticism which attended the continuance of his favourite pursuits.

After Anaxagoras, the names of two more Ionian philosophers occur ; Diogenes, of Apollonia, and Archelaus, of Miletum, both of whom taught at Athens. But as they rather confused than refined on the doctrines he had disseminated, it is not necessary to enter into any further detail of them or their opinions, the more particularly as they seem not to have been men of any very remarkable ability. We shall here then take leave of the Ionian school of philosophy, making this remark to conclude, That the first ideas of the formation of the universe were derived from the analogy of the industrious arts, with this exception, the workman and the matter he laboured on were supposed to be co-existent, that the latter was inherent in the former. Thales, the Ionian, was the first who expressly separated these ideas, and to him is due all the honour of founding the new school.

THE THEATRE OF SAN CARLO, AT NAPLES, AND MADAME MALIBRAN.

"Oui, Monsieur, certainement : les lois, l'église, le gouvernement, l'état, sont quelque chose,—mais, Monsieur, les acteurs, et les actrices!"

WHENEVER our community shall be smitten with a universal monomania, it will be upon the subject of the necessities of life. The necessities of life! We English are constantly talking of the necessities of life! What are they? Is there actually such a class of things in existence? or is it only necessary that the human imagination should always have something to pine and to pant after? The latter hypothesis strikes me as being by far the most probable; otherwise we should find the different nations of the earth, much better agreed than they really are, in deciding what is the summum bonum, the *το καλον* which is to furnish the material substance of their chiefest happiness.

Deprive an Esquimaux of his oil and seal's flesh, and you instantly convert him into a miserable man. What is a Scotsman, without "the dew of his native hills?" What is he, but a miserable man? What is an Englishman, cut off from his hot joint and bottle of port? What is a German, if you pull the pipe from his mouth, and withhold the beer-jug from his lips? What is the Frenchman, without vanity? What is the Irishman, without a row? What are they all, but miserable men? But what is *their* misery, compared with that of the Neapolitan, if you shut up his theatre? *His* misery is comparable to no other state of mortal torture, that can be imagined. He is, like Satan, supreme in misery.

The Neapolitan careth not for train-oil or seal's flesh, as doth the Esquimaux. He would as soon swallow a lump of lava, hot from Vesuvius, as drink a glass of "whusky" with the canny Scotchman. He would much sooner commit murder, than dine, with the Englishman, off an underdone leg of mutton. Beer he loveth not much; and tobacco he detests; vanity he hath none; nor doth the bump of pugnaciousness appear upon his cranium:—but the theatre! the theatre is *his* necessary of life, *his* heart's delight, *his* soul's darling! Shut that, and you either crush his spirit, or rouse it to desperation, according to the peculiar disposition of the unfortunate individual. The latter event is much the more likely to happen. San Carlo was burnt down:—within three hundred days after the fire was quenched, it was rebuilt by the government with increased splendour. The liberality and magnificence of the monarch were lauded to the skies: but some praise is due to *his wisdom*; since, next to a rise in the price of ice, no other national misfortune would be so sure to create a revolution.

In short—what meat, drink, air, and clothing are to another man, the stage (including all its varieties, from San Carlo, down to the puppet show of the Creation of the World, in three acts) is to the Neapolitan. Turn him out of house and home, he would not *much*

care ; he could still sleep in his basket, and there are plenty of lofty gateways to shelter him during his hours of repose. Strip him naked, and he will be annoyed by no needless sense of shame ; and except in March, when the Sirocco drives the rain before it, each drop a bucket-full, he will suffer nothing from cold, or from inclement weather. Restrict his diet, it is no matter ; provided his macaroni be tolerably long, he cares not of how coarse a flour it is made. But leave, oh ! leave him his iced water and lemonade ! Spare, as you would avoid his bitterest maledictions,—spare his amusements ! All misfortunes but one, in this world, he can submit to cheerfully. *Pereat mundus,—stet Theatrum !*

After what has been said, it will readily be conceived, that Naples contains the largest and most magnificent Opera House in the world, the Teatro di San Carlo. Experience has proved that it is not so well adapted for hearing, as many other theatres of nearly equal dimensions, such as the Scala at Milan, the Carlo Felice at Genoa, the King's Theatre at London, or that most beautiful specimen of theatrical architecture, the Hof-und-National Theater at Munich. But on entering it, the eye is overpowered and satiated,—not dazzled,—with the richness of its decoration, and the vastness of its enclosure. Deep blue and gold is the prevailing colour of the house ; and any little variations of tint introduced, are only such minute and piquant touches in the details, as serve to increase, instead of disturbing, the general effect. The stage and proscenium are immense : if you are seated at all near to the centre of the theatre, the men and women acting upon it, “show scarce so gross as beetles.” Exactly in the centre, and therefore opposite to the stage, is the royal box, occupying a great part of the space between the pit and the ceiling, and itself enclosed in a gorgeous frame of gold moulding and carved work, that both in magnitude and in splendour would well serve for the proscenium of many a humbler theatre.

Every thing too has been contrived, which can conduce to comfort, as well as to show. Outside the theatre, carriages can draw up under a lofty portico, instead of setting down their fair and full-dressed occupants, in the midst of a drizzling rain, as is the case in our *salles de spectacle*, in a climate too where such precautions are so much more requisite. Inside, the number and civility of the attendants, set the rawest stranger at his ease. There are no cold draughts nor cutting winds, to give all the spectators a fit of sneezing, that shall last for the next fortnight. In the pit, instead of miserable benches, are rows of luxurious and well-stuffed arm chairs, in which you may loll and lounge the whole of the evening, without being so cramped as almost to forget whether you ever had any legs at all, and without being amused during the latter half of the performance, by feeling the “needles and pins” tingling at the soles of your feet. On buying a pit ticket, you find that it is numbered : and on entering the pit, a sort of usher leads you to the chair corresponding to the number, seats you in your throne, tears the ticket in halves, and gives you one moiety as a title of continued possession, to be produced by you as a voucher for the night, in case any impertinent individual should attempt to turn you out of your comfortable lodgment. The usher

expects to receive a gratuity of three grains (about five farthings English) for his trouble: in case you are labouring under a fit of economy or meanness, he can have his revenge: for the bottom cushion of the chair is his property, or at any rate, his perquisite, and if the three grains are not forthcoming, it is in his power to walk off with the cushion under his arm, thus leaving you seated on a level six or seven inches below the rest of the audience. A capital position that, for seeing the ballet!

The half ticket thus formally delivered to the spectator by the usher of the theatre, gives him the fee simple of the chair for the rest of the night. He may lounge about the lobbies during the whole of the performance, and only show himself to hear some popular *aria*, or peep at the movements of some favourite dancer. No one would venture to possess himself of this tenement in possession, or if he do, he must vacate, immediately that he beholds the magical scrap of paper. If some very extraordinary attraction should induce the management to issue a greater number of tickets than that of chairs, "*Posto in Piedi*," i. e. "place only for standing" is printed in large letters on the top of the supernumerary billets; so that you cannot complain of an inconvenience, which you have incurred with your eyes open. The price of tickets varies according to circumstances: on grand nights, when the Royal family is sure to be present, and there is an *illuminazione*, the admission money is treble the usual amount.

In all cases, the *cheapest* plan is to go to the Cafè d'Italia, just at the beginning of the Strada Toledo,—if you can contrive to make your way through the crowd of over-civil and wonderfully subservient gentlemen, who are always collected round its doors,—and purchase from one of the waiters there, the ticket of some *Privileggiato*, who either cannot go himself, or who prefers the sight of the money, to that of the spectacle. Take care, however, that the said waiter does not suspect you to be an Englishman. If you can pass for a Frenchman, you will find that you have achieved a wondrous saving of grains and carline, at the end of a very short course of opera-going. The middle, i. e. the best rows in the pit, are appropriated to the military; but a little management will procure a seat in the immediate neighbourhood of these gentlemen, if not in the very centre of their society. It may be as well to state, that no wise man would, at Naples, breathe the slightest disapprobation of any thing which concerns San Carlos. Great is the Diana of the Ephesians! and every stranger, who sojourneth there for a while, must at least *pro tempore* become an idolater.

Such a theatre, and such an audience, demand, as an immediate consequence of their very nature, a supply of actors and actresses endued with corresponding powers. And here it is that we trace the intimate relation that existed between the late Madame Malibran and the theatre of San Carlo. Elsewhere, her great talents were admired and applauded, as a matter of course: here, they were absolutely necessary. There is but one San Carlo, there *was* but one Malibran, without whom its perfect orchestra, its life-like scenery, its glowing decorations, its deep azure circuit, and its star-studded

recesses, are now all unsatisfactory and incomplete. In the midst of this mighty extent, both of space and surface, her overacting and her overcolouring,—(for, borne along by her enthusiastic genius, she *did* occasionally overstep the bounds of soberness,)—in this enormous area, all was softened down and subdued by the majestic grandeur of the building; and what, under other circumstances, would have been a fault and an exaggeration, was here only a beautiful component part of a harmonious whole. Here, Norma, that most lovely, that still insufficiently appreciated Opera, achieved the final and complete triumph of Bellini and Malibran over the ravished hearts of thousands. Both of these short-lived meteors have since been extinguished after a course of unrivalled brilliancy. *His* fire was too flickering and subtle, *hers* too ardent and consuming, long to vivify or illumine the dull face of this clay-cold earth.

There is a true though trite story, that on one occasion, when Nero was singing in public, an earthquake happened,—but it could not prevent him from finishing his air.—The reverse of this occurred not long since at Naples. A late eruption of Vesuvius, and the performance at San Carlo, both commenced nearly at the same time; and although the earth rumbled under their feet, the windows rattled in every casement, and the sky overhead was coloured with crimson light that streamed from the burning mountain, still *the audiences* sat unmoved, and listened for the hundredth time to the *Mosè in Egitto*, and gazed at the firework imitation of the hailstone plague in Egypt, as if no sublimer nor more interesting sight were to be witnessed without. The eruption and the performance terminated also simultaneously; and since both these spectacles could not be seen at once, it is to be doubted whether the show for which they were obliged to pay was not preferred to that which might have been had gratis. In this instance Madame Ungher* was the Circe, who spell-bound their senseless hearts. What then would they have done, had Malibran been the Parthenope of the evening? They would have left the venerable and highly respected St. Januarius to take care of *Il Vesuvio, i terremoti, la lava, and le cenere*; and would have thought that man pitiable and unhappy, who having delayed purchasing his *biglietto*, till it was now too late, should unfortunately be excluded from the *musica*, and be thus compelled for once in his life, to turn his vacant and dissatisfied gaze, upon the “Vonderful vorks of Natur.”—This is really no exaggeration.—Whenever Malibran sung at the San Carlo, (and she would only act three nights in the week,)—the crowds that thronged thither were perfectly amusing. The prices of boxes were raised;—nevertheless they were all taken, some-

* This lady well deserves the attention of some enterprising manager, now that so many a rival *cantatrice* will be fighting for the vacant throne of song. When Malibran's engagement at Naples was ended, Ungher was the prima donna selected to succeed her; and no higher praise of her merits need be given, than that she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the Neapolitans. With the exception perhaps of Schröder, there is no singer living who is gifted with so much enthusiasm, and such a power of electrifying an audience. Neither are Madame Ungher's talents limited to the tragic department. Her performance at the little Teatro del Fondo, in one of Ricci's exceedingly pretty comic operas, called forth unqualified approbation from crowded audiences.

times a week beforehand; the chairs in the pit were all bought up; even the "*Posti in Piedi*" were scrambled for; and for some hours previous to the commencement of the performance, any single place in the house, could have been disposed of at a high premium.

Naples, however was not the only scene of her triumphs. At Lucca, where she was almost compelled to halt for a while, and give two or three representations, the excitement of the whole district amounted almost to phrensy. *Possidenti*, who had never before quitted their villas, now rushed in crowds to the little capital; sleeping-rooms were let for something like a dollar per square inch; the theatre was crammed nearly to bursting; and two or three months after Malibran's departure, the town had scarcely subsided to its former state of quiet and repose.

It was said that, during the latter part of Malibran's reign—for such it may fairly be called,—at Naples, the king was becoming jealous of her unbounded favour among his subjects.—Conceive a young, good-natured, amiable king, scarcely turned of thirty, *jealous* of the influence of a beautiful and accomplished songstress, three or four years his junior! In any other country, the very word '*jealous*' would sound ridiculous: here it is not only not so, but the fact is extremely probable. In a government purely despotic, whatever tends to divert the attention of the populace from the preeminence of the monarch, is sure to be regarded with suspicion. At Naples, next to the sovereign and his family, first-rate singers and actors are the personages who receive the greatest share of public consideration; and it is not unnatural that an absolute king should sometimes feel annoyed, at finding his inferiors treading on his heels, as it were, and rivalling, and almost supplanting him, in the hearts of the multitude.

But death puts an end to all jealousies; and His Majesty of the Two Sicilies need now have no further cause for uneasiness or displeasure, at the increasing popularity of the inimitable songstress. But alas for the Neapolitans themselves! for great will be their sorrow at the astounding intelligence of her sudden decease. They have a king whom they love and respect, and, it seems, deservedly. But had *he* died, it had been nothing in comparison.—Fum the first begets Fum the second, and the race goes on, in uninterruptible continuity. But Malibran! When shall we see another Malibran? Never can we hope, for generations to come, that so much perfection shall reappear in the midst of our countless hordes of insipid mediocrity.

What will they say, what will they do, when they hear that their idol has been laid low, in the midst of her deserved honours? One thing is certain; they will not pay to her departed spirit that tribute of manly regret and respectful sorrow, which has been so universally offered to her memory by her English admirers. The couriers may bring us the general sketch of what takes place, but we must guess at the minor details of their conduct. At first they will not believe the awful news: but when the sad truth has at length brought conviction to their minds, they will communicate it to each other, by means of innumerable and uninterpretable gestures. They will *print* whole clouds of sonnets on the subject of her death, and will write

and improvise twenty times as many. They will gnash their teeth at the thought that they ever allowed her to quit their city. They will aver that she has been poisoned by *I barbari Inglesi*, or, which is worse, has perhaps been choked to death by *questo benedetto ros-bif*. They will continue their complaints, and murmurs, and lamentations, till the government begins to feel a little uneasy upon the subject; some new object of adoration will then be lifted before the eyes of the multitude; a new enchantress will then be seated upon the throne of the Syren Parthenope; the votaries will rush in crowds; the shouts will arise; the roofs will ring;—and Naples will be itself again.

The death of those we love, may be distressing,—earthquakes and eruptions may be awful and terrific; but what is either, to the loss of a prima donna? to a closed Opera-House? other sorrows *may* find consolation: this has none; it is hopeless and irremediable. For all is not lost, while the theatre remains. And well spake that desponding lazzarone, when he explained to his condoling friends at once the cause and the remedy of his melancholy, “*E morta la mia moglie; bisogna vedere il Polichinello:*” “my wife is dead,—and I *must* go and see Punch!”

D.

OXFORD, BY DAY AND NIGHT.

THE summer's sun, on golden wings,
Now darts o'er trees and towers;
And, rising slowly, gently flings
His beams o'er Oxford's bowers.
All that now meets the welcome sight,
Starts forth from darkness into light,
And seems to hail the beam
That flits from hall to hall again,
And gilds thy towers, Magdalen,
And Isis' winding stream.
Daylight is breaking bright upon
Beth Bridge, and classic porch;
Huge Christ Church it is gleaming on,
And old St. Mary's Church.

And see where, in the long High Street,
The youthful *freshmen* thirsty meet,
Hot from the last night's slaughter;
With heads all aching, fever'd tongues,
Each bawls with all that's left of lungs
For *Jubber's** soda water.
And some, all pale and languid stroll,
To whom fair learning doth unroll
Her hallowed, choicest page;
While others to each folly turn,
For these the midnight lamp doth burn,
For these liv'd bard and sage.

* A confectioner of well-merited celebrity, situated in the centre of the High Street. Miss Jubber is a graceful, sylph-like form, and is universally considered one of the beauties of Oxford. (Since the above was written Miss J. has entered the holy state of matrimony.)

Of these shall after ages sing,
And to their memories fondly cling,
Though long they've passed away.
Posterity shall oft rehearse
Their learned lore, their moral verse,
And shield both from decay.

But hark! this sun-lit "breezy morn"
Is usher'd in by twanging horn,
By clattering steed and clanging hoof,
And guards and coachmen water-proof.
"The Alert's" four horses panting stand,
When *Black Bill* takes the reins in hand,
And to start an effort made is.
"Hollo! stop Bill," the ostlers shout,
"This little boy has been book'd out,
This bull-dog, and these ladies."

They're up and off, and down the street
Ring the high-mettled leader's feet.
The sound decays: but ere they're gone,
Holmes, with "The Blenheim," dashes on.
Of all the coachmen through this city,—
No matter who, or where he roams,
There's none shows a "turn-out" so pretty,
Or clears the road so clean as *Holmes*.*

Breakfast discuss'd, each lad of college
Then hastens to the public schools;
Hears there is such a thing as knowledge,
And feels there are such folks as fools,—
At length ennuyé sallies out,
And struts each street and lane about,
Assumes a grand and lofty air,
Making the simpler *natives* stare.

Pleas'd with himself, the youth returns,
Enquires the hour, and joyful learns
That in some minutes there'll be spread
"The lunch" on which such lads are fed;
A tit-bit, a *gum-tickler*, merely
To keep the stomach right and steady,
In case it should feel faint or queerly
Before the college dinner's ready.
This "Lunch," now it must be confessed,
Is of *Stilton* cheese the ripe and best;
And loaves so delicately brown,
A relish fit to be washed down
By those huge tankards, stiff and stout,
Which *maudlin* men for pastime take,
Clean at a gulp completely out,
And wonder why their heads should ache.†

* *Charley Holmes* is one of the genteelst of coachmen, and is proverbial for his politeness to passengers. *Charley* was originally a post-boy, and by attention and perseverance has acquired both respectability and wealth. His deportment is unassuming, and his taste is so refined that he never wets his lips with any thing on his journeys up and down but a glass or two of pale sherry.

† The ale of all the colleges in Oxford possesses great strength and body, but that of
M.M.—No. 5. M

Thus goes the noon ; the mid-day sun
 Shines bright thro' each hall's tinted pane,
 The students lack some life, some fun,
 So sally thro' the streets again.
 And picturesque it is to see
 The cap with tassel, black or gold,
 The long dark gowns, all waving free,
 Whirl'd by the wind in graceful fold.

As stealeth on the afternoon,
 Each fav'rite lounge is thronging soon,
 And proctor grave, and student meet,
 And courteously each other greet.
 Who's *he*, so stately, proud, and high,
 That flutters thus in grandeur by?
 I see. I need not now be told
 A lordling 'tis ;—that bit of gold
 Appended to his cap declares
 The reason of these wond'ring stares.
 Mankind are still quite dead to shame,
 Though wit and satire at them laugh ;
 Here's proof they stil' bow down the same,
 And worship still the *golden calf*.
 And here are scores who take delight
 In flattering wealth from morn to night ;
 Whose only business seems to be
 To show their great facility
 In grovelling on supple knee,
 Cringing to young nobility.

The classic choosers now thick drop
 Into old *Parker's* well-stock'd shop. (1)
Talboys, (2) in winning accents bland,
 Greets those who at his counter stand.
 The newest German books are seen
 Next to sage scholiasts and divines ;
 Here grave Longinus stands between
 George Colman's Grins, and Moore's light lines.
 The *cram books* *Vincent* (3) doth supply
 In many a long and rich array.
 These aid the lazy and incipient
 O'er learning's fields : by many fools
 They're used as an expedient
 To help the lame dog through "the schools."

Behold a group of "Tufts," who shine
 In new, well-fitting, superfine.
 There is not on a hip or shoulder
 A fold beau Brummell could condemn ;
 Which quite convinces each beholder
 Banting and Prior *builds* for them.

Magdalen exceeds them all. The hospitality of Alma Mater is proverbial. A stranger, with a very slight introduction, may go the round of the colleges ; at each of which there issues from the buttery a huge silver tankard of ale, which is discussed and replenished till the novice exclaims with Macbeth, "Hold!—enough!"

(1, 2, 3.) Three well known, highly respectable and intelligent booksellers.

Another class are often met,
 A quiet, steady-looking set;
 In black or brown they move about,
 By Joy and Dry thus fitted out.
 These tailors *lengthy* credit stand;
 Nor do they heed the chance or risk,
 While those who have the cash in hand,
 And want a cheap thing, fly to Fiske.

A London *bagsman* you may note,
 Come down to try some favourite coat:
 To ascertain if 'tis a fit,
 Or should it be let out a bit,
 Or lengthened in its depth a pin,
 Or, like the tailor, be *let in*.

Alas! alas! poor *victim* race,
 If thus ye seek the sons of knowledge,
 Your own *degrees* you'll speedy trace,
 In Lord Chief Justice Denman's college.
 "Sigh no more, ladies,—ladies, sigh no more,"
 That line I parody to you thus clever—
 "Trust no more, tailors,—tailors, trust no more,"
 For Fate has doom'd ye to be swindled ever.

Those who are fond of billiards hie
 To *Betteris*,* whose smooth balls fly
 Swift o'er the level, verdant board,
 Round which lounge some with *Hoyle* well stor'd;
 Who, quick as each light ball off glances,
 Shooting as swift as shot from rocket,
 Can calculate by rules the chances
 Of being lodg'd in either pocket.
 These wise ones can prognosticate,
 And render cannons sure as fate.
 Oftimes the *tyro*, by degrees,
 Is led to bet with one of these;
 And then, in learned phrase, 'tis said,
 The hopeful youth is *basketed*.

At length the tedious hours are gone,
 And welcome dinner-time comes on,
 And all are ranged, and every table
 Now bears as much as it is able;
 Each delicacy tempting stands,
 Each tit-bit savoury, rich, and rare,
 Lies ready for the carver's hands,
 And smokes in hot profusion there.
 The grace is said, and to it all
 With knife and fork in earnest fall,
 And splendid havoc soon is made
 In every joint, that late arrayed
 In culinary charms, soar'd high,
 The *gourmand's* taste to satisfy.

The gormandizing so exceeds
 All that the fiercest hunger needs,

* In Oxford billiard tables abound, but *Betteris's* is the most frequented and fashionable.

That certain 'tis that no one here
 Of gout can have the slightest fear,
 And apoplexy ne'er was known
 To visit this choice seat of knowledge,
 And tumble from his much-lov'd throne,
 Some fat and well-fed "Head of College."
 To take their wine some youths resort,
 And swell their fill of hock and port,
 Inhale the soothing hooka's power,
 Or old cigars at Castle's found,
 Sending of fragrant smoke a shower,
 In thick profusion all around.

Old Gattie's shop is now fill'd quite,
 And wreaths of smoke around it play,
 Gattie hands round cigars and light,
 And tells the lore of green-room gay.
 His Thespian gossip never fails
 Of what he's said, and whom he's seen,
 And many are the wond'rous tales
 He tells of Kemble and of Kean.*
 The funny anecdotic stuff
 He tells the smokers, knowing elf,
 They swallow down with every puff,
 While he is never smok'd himself.
 Fun, scandal, smut, from Drury Lane
 He knows, old boy, on whom to hitch it ;
 And for his hearers it is as plain,
 That not e'en he too strong can pitch it.

Others more grave, who spurn all this,
 Sink in sweet visionary bliss,
 In elbow'd ease, and cushion'd chair,
 Which ever to my fancy seem,
 The beds fit after feeding rare,
 To yield a most enchanting dream.
 O'er "First Class," "Fellows," "Tutors," all,
 Methinks I see a slumber fall,
 Digestion to help on,
 And to my view there is displayed
 The dream in all its hues array'd,
 That flits each mind upon.

"The First Class" in his vision sees
 The shade of great Thucydides,
 This fades away, and Cicero seems
 To mingle with his classic dreams ;
 Till laughter rushes on his ears,
 And Aristophanes appears ;
 Then Aristotle rises slowly
 Bearing his works of abstruse knowledge,
 He sinks, and clad in vestments holy,
 Appears the founder of the college,
 Just as in statue he doth stand,
 With monkish garb, and crosier'd hand.

* Gattie's narrations combine the sublime, the pathetic, and the humorous in a pre-eminent degree. They are embellished also with a fertility of imagination and diction, that gives to common events the semblance of romance.

Some "Fellows" dream that post has sped
 Through day and night, through shine and shower,
 To say the old incumbent's dead,
 Or if not dead, can't live an hour.
 And then they see a parsonage and ease,
 Tithe wheat and barley, waving in the breeze,
 Rich fees brought to them by their flock so meek,
 And hear a score of little tithe pigs squeak.
 Tir'd with lecturing, "Tutors" sink resign'd,
 And Somnus soothes the harrass'd classic mind.
 Say is our "Tutor" dreaming of his theme,
 Of lecture, chapel, or of hall?
 Oh no, a well-wigg'd "Canon" he doth seem,
 Full of rich fines, and filling a choice stall.
 Or else a "Dean," all corpulent and grand,
 Angling with politics for a fish or two;
 And gaining from some patron's liberal hand
 The mitred eminence, so long his due.

Daylight is dying in the west,
 'Tis crimsoning bright Cherwell's breast;
 The sun in some pavilion seems,
 Shrouding his lingering parting beams.
 The clouds his curtains closing round,
 As if they were resolv'd to sever
 From this fair world of ours for ever,
 His orb of light with glories crown'd!

By Isis' side there is a din,
 And rowers leap their boats within;
 Crowds are quick gathering far and near,
 Tumult swells louder on the ear,
 "A boat race," twenty voices cry,
 Cutters and skiffs glide swiftly by,
 To gain the chosen starting place,
 Where wait the hero's of the race;
 Each on his oar intent and steady,
 And list'ning for the signal ready.
 It is a splendid sight to see
 Youth's strength put forth in rivalry;
 When all the feelings that adorn
 The ardent, generous, and high-born,
 By turns are call'd forth into life,
 During the brief and manly strife.

The pistol's fired—off they go—
 They skim the light wave's surface o'er;
 They tug—they strain—and as they row,
 Shouts greet them from the crowded shore.
 Now "Exeter" and "Queens" they cheer,
 Now "Go it Jesus" splits the ear,
 Then "Go it Christ's" comes strangely blended
 With shouts of "Christ's rows like a *trump*,"
 And when the well-fought race is ended,
 You learn that "Jesus got a bump."*

* That boat is said to be "bumped" when the prow of the next boat touches her stern.

These cries, although they impious seem
 To strangers standing by the stream,
 Are merely given utterance then,
 To urge their fellow college men
 To use the utmost strength and skill,
 That youth and tact to them supplies,
 To pull on bold, untiring still,
 And shoot a head, and win the prize.

The race is o'er, the freshmen young
 To home, or "Roebuck" haste along.
 In velvet sleeves "a sage grave man,"
 Just gives them as they pass a scan,
 A glance of anger mix'd with sorrow,
 For well the knowing proctor can,
 Foresee the lads ingenious plan
 To make their heads ache on the morrow.
 Who can out-run *sharp* proctor? who?
 Who can a proctor's tact out-do?
 Waiting for his dread civil-couch'd command,
 Holliday that little marshal lingers near;
 And at his heels a trusty, surly band
 Of "bull dogs" poise the listening ear.
 Just where the hills of Headington arise,
 Shortly ere night hath gain'd its noon,
 Thither will the proctors hasten to surprise
 Gay youths enamoured of the moon!
 St. Clements is a favourite place
 For those who seek night's beauties rare.
 To Jericho, meanwhile light-limb'd pro-proctors race,
 Freshmen and graduates to trace,
 Studying the heavenly bodies there!

The spread is ready, and the bottle
 Stands waiting for each thirsty throttle;
 Soon Sadler's dainties disappear,
 The lobster sallad bowl is clear.
 The glorious *guttle* now commences,
 And woe to him who shirks his glass,
 Or him who deals in sly pretences,
 And tries to let the bottle pass.

Their converse is of deeds they've done,
 Of matches lost, of money won;
 The bets they've hedg'd, the stakes they've laid,
 The grooms, the trainers they have paid!
 The dogs they've fought, the shots they've fir'd,
 The gates they've leap'd, the birds brought down;
 The boxing lore they have acquir'd
 To punch the heads of half the town.
 To "fancy" every glass is fill'd,
 In "fancy" every lad is skill'd,
 For commoners of Brazen-nose,
 Of Magdalen, and of Trinity,
 Now study heavy *body* blows,
 Not *bodies* of divinity!

Gin punch! the order of the night is.
 Gin punch! the Oxonian's great delight is.

And being brewed both hot and strong,
Six tumblers make the limbs unstable,
And send the freshmen clean along
The hearth-rug, or beneath the table.
While hardier bacchanals their course
Thro' "Geneva's lakes" exulting urge,
And standing o'er him, shriek till hoarse,
The fallen freshman's drunken dirge.

Ye youths of college, if your brain
Could learning's hallowed treasures gain,
By feeding well, there's none would be,
So sensible or wise as ye.
If piquant dishes, curried o'er,
Or suppers hot could yield discerning,
You'd own of sense so huge a store,
That you'd be quoted o'er and o'er,
As prodigies of wit and learning.

Or e'en if drinking hard would do it,
You quaff so deep from such pure springs,
And stick with such industry to it,
That we might look for wond'rous things!
The streams you taste, are pure Pierian,
The head to clear, and heart make merry,
Known by the moderns as valerian,
Hock, Port, Madeira, Champaign, sherry.
The spiritual medicine too
With which you fight off ills to come,
Get rid of duns, and devils blue,
Is brandy, whiskey, gin, or rum!
Head-ache, and heart-burn, proudly scorning,
What can such God-like youths affright;
For if you're feverish in the morning,
Why soda water sets you right.

LETTERS FROM A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

(Continued from page 375.)

August 29th.

I LEFT Martigny at seven o'clock in the morning, and in about an hour reached the fall of the Pisse Vache. The morning had been hitherto grey and gloomy, and the mountains on my right hand were enveloped in clouds and darkness. Suddenly, as I approached the descending column of white foam, a ray of sun-shine burst through the dingy vapours and lighted up the waterfall with all the colours of the rainbow. I approached the foot of the cascade as nearly as possible, and stood admiring it till I was well-nigh wet through with the imperceptible shower which ever falls in its immediate neighbourhood. There is nothing here of the sublime but much of the beautiful to contemplate, and after the surfeit of grandeurs I had lately indulged in, the quieter charms of the Pissevache were equally

refreshing and delightful. Two leagues further on in a gorge of the mountains is the town of St. Maurice, through which the Rhone passes, separating the Canton de Vaud at this point from the Vallais. Having crossed the bridge and submitted my passport for examination to the guardian of the frontier, I pursued my route to Bex. Shortly after I had left this place I encountered a thunder-storm. Clouds rolled down the lofty Alps, and darkening the air, completely concealed the gigantic mountains from my view. The thunder reverberated among the hills, and the lightning shone the brighter for the deep gloom which hung around. All this no doubt was very magnificent, not 'so the rain, which pouring down more in a mass than in drops, wetted me to the skin in a twinkling, except in so far as I was protected by a Macintosh cape. The thunder-storm was succeeded by a continuing rain, which soaked the road into mud, and drenched me over and over again till I reached Villeneuve.

August 30th.

I LEFT this last place at eight in the morning in the steam-boat, and skirting along the northern shore of the beautiful lake, passed the castle of Chillon, Vévey, Lausanne, and other villages, arriving at Geneva about four o'clock. The castle of Chillon has been rendered celebrated by Byron, and clouds of tourists visit it. The exterior, however, is the reverse of inviting, and looks as damp, dark and dingy as can very well be conceived. The form is such as every one is familiar with through the medium of prints and drawings. The appearance is such as I describe it. The banks of the lake are planted with vineyards, and a considerable quantity of white wine is made in the neighbourhood, of the strength of small beer and the flavour of vinegar. But habit is every thing; the natives think their wine super-excellent; I thought it detestable.

September 1st.

VISITED the Musée of Geneva. The building is pretty, though small. In pictures they are deficient; I saw nothing worthy of notice. They have, however, a very fine collection of plaster casts from the antique, and some from Canova. I had here a fine opportunity of comparing the ancient and modern sculpture. In both cases the casts were taken from statues themselves, so that, however inferior to the originals, one was as well off as the other on that score. Not to mention the Apollo Belvidere, the Torso, the Laocoon, and Diana with the fawn, there was a cast of the Venus de Medicis and one of the Venus of Canova. Each is considered the masterpiece of its school, but without comparing them one could scarcely conceive the difference to be so great. The Venus de Medicis is assuredly only the statue of a beautiful woman, without any attempt at the more than human dignity of the Apollo or Diana, but so perfect is the form, so exquisite the proportions, so full of grace and softness, that the attention is rivetted till you almost think the inanimate form is quickened by a living soul. I turned to the other statue, and sighed to think that so inferior a production should be the acknowledged chef d'œuvre of the great Canova.

Lausanne, September 4th.

I ARRIVED at Lausanne yesterday morning, and have ever since been in search of beauties ; I can find none. The town is curious from the circumstance of its being built upon hills, so that many of the streets are nearly perpendicular, and none are to be found at a less angle than forty-five degrees with the horizon. From the signal, a height to the north of the town, you have an extensive view of the valley as far as the Jura mountains, and you see the Savoyard Alps on the other side of the lake. But on the whole, I think Lausanne and its environs less worthy of attentive examination than any town I have been in since I left France. To an Englishman it has some extra interest as having been the residence of Gibbon, but other charms for me it has none, except perhaps the flower gardens which here, as elsewhere in Switzerland, furnish brighter hues than we are used to see in England.

September 6th.

I LEFT Lausanne but little pleased with the results of two days investigation, and mounted the diligence for Rome. In it I met with an American gentleman, and as on comparing notes we found our routes lay in the same direction, we agreed to move onward together. The country improves as you approach Berne, and the avenue by which you enter the town is quite beautiful. The principal street of Berne is very fine. The houses built of whitish stone are just sufficiently dissimilar to prevent monotony, just sufficiently like to retain symmetry. A colonnade runs under them on either side, and they are built with projecting eaves. Many fountains adorn the street with the emblematical bear represented in all shapes and figures. Sometimes himself in armour, sometimes fondling a mail-clad warrior, in short, in every fantastic guise imaginable. The cathedral is a handsome building of the fifteenth century, deformed, however, by red painted doors which they have set in a square tower over the principal entrance. The Swiss seem to have a passion for red paint; for this is by no means the first time I have been annoyed by its intrusion in incongruous places. In the interior is a monument erected to 650 Bernese who fell in the battle fought before Berne in 1799, a large number to lose out of a population of not more than thirty thousand, being about a tenth part of the male adults. Some fine stained glass representing the passion of our Saviour adorns the windows ; part, however, has been destroyed by a hail storm. To the south of the cathedral is a platform supported by an immensely high wall of stone. The walk here shaded by chestnut trees faces one of the most lovely landscapes that can be imagined. Undulating ground rises wave above wave to a considerable height, thickly clad with trees of many tints of green. In the back-ground the most prominent object is the Jung frau-horn with the other ice covered mountains of the Oberland. At the foot of the platform the Aar foams and splashes over a rapid, giving life and gaiety to the scene by its incessant noise.

I walked round Berne in the afternoon. It is built on a tongue of

land, about which the Aar, which is here of a deep clear green colour, flows in the form of a horse-shoe. The heights on the other side of the river which completely command the town, are laid out in walks shaded with rows of tall tress and furnished occasionally with seats for the accommodation of the weary or idle. At the end of the bridge which crosses the river leading from Berne towards Thun, is a cenotaph with the following inscription:—

DIE STADT BERN,
IHREM EDLEN BURGER,
SIGMOND RUDOLF VON WERDT,
DER HIER,
FÜR IHRE BEFREYUNG STREITEND,
DEN TOD FAND,
DEN XVIII. SEPT. MDCCCII.

ER LEBTE XXI. JAHR.

Which being done into English runs thus:—"The city of Berne, to her noble citizen Sig. Rud. von Werdt, who fighting for her deliverance here found death, the 18th Sept. 1802. He lived twenty-one years." The situation of the monument adds to the melancholy interest of the circumstance it commemorates.

About the centre of the principal street is a clock furnished with grotesque figures, some of which with ludicrous gestures strike the chimes while the rest gallop round in a circle like hey-go-mad to the great edification of the cluster which generally collects to watch the movements of the puppets. In the town ditch two bears are kept, and at the principal entrance two vast effigies of their tutelary deity, *Ursa Major*, are erected in stone. The money has a bear stamped on it. In short every where you are surrounded with bears.

I had been to expect beautiful faces and dresses in this part of Switzerland but was grievously disappointed. Swiss costumes look very well on paper or in fancy-dress balls. But the reality is ordinary enough in its appearance, even when the peasant girls are attired in their best. And as for the faces they are even more ordinary than the garments.

September 6th.

We left Berne shortly before 11 in the morning and reached Thun in about two hours, arriving at the very moment when the steam-boat was starting for Neuhaus. The country between Berne and Thun appeared the fresher and more verdant for the rain which had fallen the day before. But for the mountains capped with eternal snow, the scene closely resembled an English landscape. Had I not been pressed for time, I should gladly have staid a day at Thun: however, we hurried along a small but beautiful lake in a pigmy steam-boat, enjoying the most delicious prospects on either side. About half-way along the southern bank of the lake is the conical mountain called the *Niesen* with the Castle of *Spietz* at its base. The whole scene was like a prospect in fairy-land: our only regret was the necessity of passing so rapidly over so beautiful a country. The waters of the lake are of a bright green like the Aar. Having landed at Neuhaus we proceeded to *Beyningen*, (the nearest point to

Brienzen), where we embarked in one of the flat-bottomed boats used on these lakes; and we were impelled by the exertions of three sturdy rowers over the still surface of the water. No doubt the shores of the lake of Brienzen are very beautiful; but the constant repetition of the same scenery becomes—at any rate to me it became—wearisome. We were, however, amply repaid for our pains at the fall of the Giesbach which is formed by a succession of cascades as though the river came down a gigantic flight of stairs, and at each descent it falls just far enough to break the uniformity of the column of water without entirely dissipating it in spray: but here, as before, it must not be forgotten that description and representation are utterly inadequate to convey just ideas of the magnificence and beauty of nature, though perhaps Turner might do something with the Giesbach.

To arrive in view of that part of the waterfall which I have been just describing, it is necessary to ascend a considerable part of the height of the mountain, for the lower half of the Giesbach descends by a tortuous route to the lake, and is only visible in parts and from different positions. After indulging ourselves with a long view of the cataract we returned to our pinnace and got under way for Brienzen which is about a league distant across the water. The rain which had hitherto held off now began to thicken, and before we arrived at the White Cross (our inn) it came down in torrents. We were however soon safely housed and under cover, in as comfortable an hotel as could be expected in such an out-of-the-way region as Brienzen. It was here for the first time that I met with any evidence of the vaunted beauty of the Bernese, in the shape of two dark-eyed, black-haired, cherry-cheeked, daughters of Eve, who discharged the duties of chamber-maids. But these are the first two I have seen who had any claims whatever to admiration on the score of personal appearance. The boatmen who had ferried us over the lake spoke no language but their own patois of German, and though I am in most instances quite ready to subscribe to the truth of Pope's aphorism, in my particular case a little learning proved not dangerous but useful, for I managed to explain to these Charons what we wanted with the aid of the half dozen words of High Dutch which are the extent of my vocabulary.

September 7th.

THE rain, which had continued falling throughout the night, had washed away the road as is not uncommon in mountainous districts; as however our mode of travelling did not require a very excellent path, as soon as the weather cleared a little we set out to cross the Brunig, myself on foot and my companion on a sorry which as far as appearance went might have been mother to Rosinante, though we were assured it was a most excellent horse despite its uncouth form and gaunt sides to which we had objected. However it was Hobson's choice, that or none, and on we went, with a peasant for a guide who was to bring back the horse from Lurgern on the other side of the mountain. We wound our way upwards on a stony path, broken by torrents through which the others waded and over which I hopped

to the best of my ability, though once or twice I narrowly escaped a sousing from the slippery state of a stepping stone. But as we mounted higher we were fully repaid for the pains and penalties we had undergone in the ascent by the magnificence of the view that expanded before our eyes. Beneath was the valley of Ober Hasli divided by the meandering stream of the muddy Aar, muddy I say, for it requires the straining through two lakes to wash the water green. Afar off to the left is the village of Meyringen and the last shoot of the Reichenbach, pouring in both valleys, whose surface is from the height on which we stood, seemed to have been levelled by art not nature, rolled flat like a bowling-green by some mighty engine. Opposite were snow-topped mountains, the sun-beams kindling their crystallised summits and heavy clouds hanging low down on their craggy sides. All this seen through a comparatively small opening in the pine forest which covers the Brunig, and which opening had been made by an avalanche, that had swept a clean path for itself down into the very bed of the yellow Aar. The whole together formed one of the most enchanting prospects that can be imagined. By the way these avalanches are awful things. Think of the force which must be acquired in descending a steep precipice for a mile, by a mass of snow and rock, which even in the early part of its course tears up strong trees by the roots and shreds others asunder with such unsparing violence that scarcely a vestige of vegetation is left in the track it has passed over. However time pressed and before I was half satisfied with gazing, I was forced to turn away and follow the mule track which served for a road. Many pretty water-falls issue from the mountains on either side, but I scarcely like to write down their names as I obtained them from our guide, lest they should be unrecognizably incorrect. None of them were very important. By dint of ascending and descending for four hours we reached Lemgern, and after a slight refectation which exercise and the keen air of the lofty Alps had rendered necessary we hurried on to Alpnacht and thence crossed the Waldstetter See to Luzern. To describe this latter part of the day's journey would involve endless repetition, for after all there is a marvellous sameness in mountains and lakes, albeit they are the finest the world has to boast of.

Not the least amusing part of our adventures was the circumstance of our guides and boatmen and ourselves not having any common language. The efforts to explain or understand on both sides were always ridiculous and for the most part unavailing. But where one party has to pay and the other to receive such difficulties are not altogether insurmountable.

In travelling from Lemgern to Alpnacht we crossed the canton of Unterwalden. Nothing could be more striking than the almost universal beauty of the children. The peasantry of maturer age were generally fair-haired, ruddy, well-looking people enough. But the children were with few exceptions truly beautiful, and we had good means of forming a judgment for we must have seen some hundreds of them. As yet we have seen no such good-looking race as this. The Bernese at the inn at Brienz, if they were Bernese were a fine-looking family, but they seemed an exception to the rule. In Berne,

on the Tuesday morning, which is their market-day, we had a fine opportunity of seeing numbers of the inhabitants. Yet the only remarkable circumstance in their appearance was the absence of any traces of extreme poverty. All seemed well-fed and comfortably clothed, and had that air of independence which belongs especially to those who are neither pinched for means, nor constantly in contact with their superiors. The green-coated chasseurs of Berne with their short guns were stout fellows, but nothing at all more than common. Indeed altogether I have been much disappointed in the people, who seem to have captivated the excited imaginations of tourists, without in any respect meriting the encomiums which have been so lavishly bestowed upon them. I certainly have not seen any men at all comparable with Englishmen as regards their bodily appearance, whether as regards stature, solidity, personal beauty, or thews and sinews. And I myself who am not a better pedestrian than is common among us, easily out-walked every guide with whom I measured my strength.

At the Swan hotel where we put up, the *salle à manger* is decidedly the finest room I have seen since I left Paris, and the view from it would have been very fine, but that it rained incessantly the whole time we remained here, so that we not only could not ascend but could not even see the Rigi, so entirely was it enveloped in clouds and mist. To the right Mont Pilate (which Scott has rendered so celebrated by laying the most interesting scenes of Anne of Geierstein in its immediate neighbourhood or on it), reared its head above the robe of clouds which concealed its base and frowned on us through the storm.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain I hunted out Thorwalsden's lion. He supplied the model from which the carving is executed by a Swiss sculptor of Constance. Colonel Pfiffer conceived the idea of carving in a rock on his grounds a monumental effigy in memory of the devotion displayed by the Swiss guards at the time of the first French revolution. Having raised a sufficient sum by subscription he employed Thorwalsden to furnish him with a model. The Danish sculptor sent him a lion dying from a spear-wound in his side and guarding a shield adorned with fleurs-de-lys. This model is shown in the room opposite the monument. The rock has been scarped and the figure of colossal dimensions cut deeply into it. It is shaded by cypresses and willows which add to its mournful character. The idea is grand and the execution creditable to the native carver.

The bridges in Luzern are singular enough in their construction, being covered in with gable roofs and the girders adorned with ancient pictures representing in part scripture subjects, in part scenes from Swiss history. They are, however, execrably done, and, without the legends beneath, would be utterly unintelligible. The interiors of the churches are more ornamental than might have been expected in so small a town; but in all Catholic countries this will be found to be the case. In all entered by us waxen images were hung as votive offerings for the attainment of some wish expressed in prayer. They strongly reminded me of a similar practice among the ancients. Indeed no one intimate with religious observances in Roman Catho-

lic countries can fail to be struck with the close resemblance they bear to the rites of paganism. For the saint substitute a heathen deity, and the very forms seem almost the same. No doubt this only applies to the worship of the lower orders; but the same remark might be true to the vulgar of antiquity.

September 10th.

WE left Luzern yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, in the carriage which conveys the mail to Zürich, at the comfortable rate of four miles per hour. This too is not the worst part of the matter; for as they travel only in the day time, the progress is miserably slow. I have heard many encomiums passed on Zürich, but what little I saw of it gave me no sort of pleasure. The streets are very narrow and very dirty. The sewerage, to judge by the smell given, is worse than usual; which is as much as to say that we were more than half poisoned during our stay here. We went to the hotel de l'Epée, which is the best in the place, but which nevertheless abounds in fleas, and under the window of the narrow double-bedded room into which we were thrust was a vast dunghill, not to mention a still worse annoyance in the immediate vicinity of our chamber door, so that we were unwillingly compelled to sleep with door and window both shut with the comfortable prospect of being stewed into a fever, if not suffocated. However, a few hours patience carried us through our difficulties, and we were safely ensconced in the diligence for Schaffhausen at nine this morning. The country between Luzern and Zürich, though vaunted much in the guide books and by the natives, is of a very ordinary character, and from Zürich to Schaffhausen, for the greater part of the road, there is still less to attract the attention.

At Eglisau we first saw the Rhine, and crossed it on one of the covered bridges which are invariably found in this part of Switzerland. There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the river here, but the interest which is attached to the very name of the Rhine made it a welcome sight to the eager eyes of pleasure hunting travellers. We shortly after arrived in Schaffhausen, and after securing our places in the diligence for Kehl that evening, off we set to the famous Rhine-fall, which is about three miles from the town.

Part of our road lay along the banks of the river, which here races along in grand style, bounding down the rapids, pirouetting in eddies, and foaming over the uneven surface of its bed so as to give you an idea that something more than common is not far distant. The opposite bank too of the river is picturesque, which adds not a little to the enchantment of the scene. At last we approached the object of our search, and for once were not doomed to be disappointed. Indeed I think tourists generally lay far too little stress on the beauty of the falls of Schaffhausen. I for my part have seen nothing more sublime, more beautiful. The river, which is here of considerable breadth, and of a clear greenish hue for some distance, rushes down an inclined plane, and then pours its boiling but transparent waters down a sheer precipice of sixty-feet, the whole mass of fluid being at once converted into sparkling foam. The stream is broken in several places by rocks, which thrust their dingy heads out of the white tor-

rent which tumbles past them. The evening sun gilded the bright waters with his setting rays, and an ever varying rainbow hovered over the magnificent cascade. My American friend, who was certainly not over lavish of his praise, was as enthusiastic as myself in his admiration of the scene before him, and admitted that it might be enjoyed even by one who was familiar with the glories of Niagara. We quitted this region of romance with regret, and wended our way slowly back to Schaffhausen, musing on what we had seen, and, alas ! should probably never see again.

September 11th.

AT nine o'clock, on the evening of the 10th of September, we set out for Donaueschingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where we were to meet a diligence for Kehl. On crossing the frontier of Switzerland, we were detained for some time in a sort of wooden barn while the douaniers poked their noses into every corner of the diligence, and secured the luggage with a pack-thread and leaden seal. Our passports underwent an examination, and not being objected to, we re-entered our slug and crept on. On arriving at Donaueschingen, at four o'clock, we were shown into a bitterly cold room, and given to understand that we must exercise the virtue of patience during four tedious hours. After indulging myself with a few grumbles, à l'Anglaise, I laid myself down on the hard boards of the table, not being able to find any softer place, and slept soundly enough for two hours till the arrival of some coffee provided me with a more congenial occupation, till I was called on to attend at the examination of my luggage. This operation was performed in the most gentleman-like manner possible. The lid of my trunk was lifted up; the question was asked, "Have you any merchandize?" and answered in the negative; and the box was closed. How different from the prying examination of Messieurs les douaniers Français. This too is the only examination the luggage will have to undergo till we arrive in the Dutch territory. Of a verity the equalization of the duties on the Rhine may be an inconvenience and loss to mercantile men, but for travellers it is the most delightful arrangement in the world.

This village takes its name from the Danube or Donau, which rises within its precincts. The source of this mighty river is a basin of no great size, out of which dribbles a not very deep or very clear stream. After our whole stock of patience had been entirely exhausted our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of four quadrupeds and postillion, in a yellow jacket, adorned with a profusion of worsted lace, and a horn, with tassel attached to it, nearly of the shape and dimensions of an English mop.

Our conductor, who was a smart looking fellow enough, mounted the coupé, and on we crawled with the comfortable prospect of reaching Kehl that evening. One of our travelling companions was a German, who spoke a little French, and after inquiring very particularly of me what was the state and station of an English earl, furnished me with the gratifying information that he was of that rank himself—a *graf*, to wit. Poor fellow, he must have had strange notions of our nobility when he thought of comparing himself with them. He wore a coat, the buttons of which had seen too much service to remain

entire,—over that a top-coat of a material resembling that which our butchers use for their blue jackets, but of a dirty brown colour, no shirt, and the remains of a hat. He was of some service to us as an interpreter, and afforded us continual amusement by his absurd remarks and grotesque ideas.

Part of our route lay through the remains of the Black Forest, or Schwartz Wald. The mountains on either side were thickly clad with dark trees to their very summits, but these mountains are sad dwarfs after those I have been lately accustomed to. However we must take things as we find them, not excepting the loathsome collection of filth and grease which is furnished you in some places under the denomination of dinner. At ten o'clock at night we arrived at Kehl, and forthwith retired to enjoy a sound sleep after thirty-six hours of bustle and fatigue.

September 12th.

OUR object in stopping at Kehl, instead of at once proceeding to Strasburg, was to save the annoyance and inconvenience of an examination of passports and luggage by the French authorities, and a second edition of the same on our return into the German territory. As it was, after breakfasting and securing places by the diligence to Carlsruhe, we marched over the bridge of boats, and entered the French territory without let or hindrance. The bridge over the Rhine here is curious enough. About seventy boats or lighters are firmly moored up and down the stream, at short intervals from each other. These serve as piers to support large beams which rest on the gunwales of the barges, and athwart these beams are laid planks. Smoking is forbidden on the bridge, and the carriages walk at a foot pace, but for pedestrians it is convenient enough. The town of Strasburg is strongly fortified, and is defended by a numerous garrison. Some soldiers of whom I enquired the way to the cathedral answered me in good French, which was inconceivably refreshing to my ears after the jargon to which I have been for some time accustomed in Switzerland, and latterly in Germany.

I think the prints I have seen give a very fair idea of the exterior form of the cathedral. But of its beauty, independent of mere form, none can judge without the benefit of ocular examination. We were most struck with the transcendant brilliancy of the stained glass, some of which dates from the building of the cathedral. At the western end is a beautiful circular window divided into compartments by radii, and surpassing, if possible, even the splendour of this, in the southern aisle. At the south eastern extremity are other circular windows, subdivided into small circles. These are the most ancient in the building. Among the other lions of the cathedral was a pulpit carved in stone, and not only finely executed, but of considerable antiquity, bearing the date 1487, in curious figures. Elsewhere was a column adorned with statues which were cut out of the same block as the pillar, but totally separated from it except as far as was necessary to support the sculptured forms. We were more than usually scandalized at the dresses of the images, which were carried to a pitch of absurdity not readily imagined by those who are not accustomed to the mummeries of Roman Catholic churches in a Roman

Catholic country. For example, a waxen image of the Virgin was nursing a waxen infant Saviour, the one dressed in a hooped petticoat of faded silk, and the other in long clothes of the same material. In a compartment of the wall, in another part of the church, was a piece of sculpture representing the death of the Virgin Mary, and St. Peter bringing a vase of holy water to administer extreme unction previous to her demise. Alas! alas! that so noble a place of Christian worship should be thus assimilated to a heathen temple.

The organ is on one side of the centre aisle, and though it interferes a little with the symmetry of the building, this disposition has one good effect, namely, that you view the whole extent at once, the length not being broken, as with us, by the screen before the choir. The famous clock is a curious piece of mechanism, but fitter for the entertainment of children than for the contemplation of those who have arrived at mature age. In fact, a Dutch toy on a large scale, with moving figures and various peculiar ornaments, such as a cock, which crows at mid-day, or ought to crow, for the machinery is out of order, and a lion, which ought to roar the hours.

Having ascended to the platform of the unfinished tower, we had a capital view of the surrounding country and the town beneath us. One of the principal beauties of the cathedral, as we thought, was the union of mass and lightness; for, notwithstanding its vast magnitude and the unpromising material of which it is constructed (red sand stone), the whole of it, but more especially that tower which is completed, had quite an aerial character. It has at different times suffered much injury from lightning, which, among other devastations, has destroyed the window over the altar, which is about to be replaced at the expense of about 1200*l*. An inscription on the platform commemorates an earthquake which in the beginning of the last century shook the church to its foundation, and threw the water from a reservoir on the tower to a distance of eighteen feet from its base.

I should not omit to mention that we encountered our German baron again in Strasburg. But here he was more soigné in his personal appearance than when travelling, inasmuch as he had provided himself with a not very clean shirt, or at least a front, which expensive luxury he seemed to think quite a matter of supererogation in the diligence, inasmuch as he was not therein encumbered with any linen whatever, foul or otherwise.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPIGRAM.

Our footman, John Thompson (deny it who can),
 Since his nose is all gone, is a fright of a man;
 To be rid of this fright, then, I humbly propose
 That Thompson be ordered to *follow his nose*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

There is no memory of his fate,
 No record of his name ;
 A few wild songs are left behind,
 But what are they to fame ?

L. E. L.

THE deep-toned knell again hath rung
 Its melancholy chime ;
 And the funeral hymn again been sung,
 For the young in manhood's prime.

Yet he heard it not, nor stayed
 His earth-freed spirit's flight,
 Through airy halls in glory 'ray'd
 To gaze on mortal light !

His soul dwelt on the beautiful,
 On earth and things above ;
 He drank their glories, and was full
 Of sympathy and love.

The sorrowful ne'er slept in him,
 In scenes of joy, or gloom,
 And he ill could hide what hurried him,
 Untimely to the tomb.

His restless spirit was not formed
 For life's calm, quiet stream ;
 It sighed, it struggled, and it burned
 For fame's ideal dream.

Hard, hard he fought, he struggled hard
 'Gainst penury's cold blight ;
 But his wasted form unequal warr'd
 With his daring spirit's might.

He knew but few, and no one cheer'd
 The sadness of his heart ;
 He had no friend that was endear'd,
 His sorrows to impart.

Yet still he toiled, nor thought of rest
 His wearied frame to ease ;
 For his heart was broken, and oppress'd,
 And nought it could appease.

He sank at last, yet dying, toiled,
 Nor deem'd life ebb'd so fast ;
 But slow decay was never foiled
 Nor e'er its victim past.

Perchance, his was the common fate
 That sweeps the loved away ;
 That circles all things, small, or great,
 Nor falters on its way !

Yet that fate shall wake our sympathies,
 Like the spring-dream of our youth ;
 For youth's dominion never dies,
 When blent with simple truth !

E. W. G

THE CENTRAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION.*

"I DENY that the state has a right to punish crime unless it first has had recourse to Education for the purpose of preventing it." If these are not the words uttered, they, contain the enlightened sentiment deliberately expressed by Lord Denman (the first criminal judge in the land) from his place in the house of Lords—and we have the pleasure of recognising that learned nobleman as the President of a society lately established for the purpose of collecting, classifying, and diffusing information, with regard to the Education of all classes of society, how deep, how extensive, how difficult a subject this of Education is, we have long felt; and we have often painfully lamented the chilling apathy with which it has been regarded by a large portion of the nation, and the spirit of party and of rivalry which has influenced but too many of those who have interested themselves in it, just as if there were not in the subject itself, difficulties of sufficient magnitude without adding to it others with which it had no necessary connexion.

The Society we understand, proposes, if its funds permit, making minute enquiries into the actual state of Education and the adaptation of the systems at present practised to the wants of the nation. In order to render these enquiries of any value it will be necessary that the society should not confine itself to finding out merely the number of children, who can read and write or the number of schools. It must extend its investigation to the condition of the parents and the harmony of their knowledge, skill, industry, morals, and scenes of enjoyment with it, and from two printed papers of questions put forth by the Society we find that such is its intention with regard to the metropolis, the provincial towns, and the rural districts in particular. We have long been of opinion that education, unless it has a tendency to make the labourer more industrious, skilful, moral, and happy is of little avail, and we have always been at a loss to discover how mere instruction in reading and writing, alone can have this effect; we earnestly hope however that the enquiries of the society will be attended with beneficial results, which can scarcely fail of being the case if they are conducted with wisdom. Notwithstanding the extraordinary progress that we have made in extending our dominion over matter, it must be acknowledged that we are far behind many nations of the continent in extending our dominion over mind.

The report of the Manchester Statistical Society with regard to

* Our readers will recollect that our September number contained a somewhat lengthy article on education, in which principles were developed not very unlike those advanced by our present correspondent. We had not received a copy of the Society's prospectus, until the sheet had been worked off. We propose always to devote more or less space in each of our numbers to the consideration of education generally. Although we have no connexion whatever with the Central Society of Education, we claim to be regarded as their fellow-labourers, and we shall not forget to watch their proceedings and encourage them in the good work that they have so nobly begun in the face of a prejudiced public. Ed.

education in the Borough of Manchester is one of very painful interest, and marks in a striking manner, the guilty carelessness which has existed with regard to education in this centre of activity and supposed intelligence, and powerfully contrasts it with the care, diligence, and wisdom which has characterised the conduct of other nations. We beg to recommend this valuable little document to our readers for perusal. The Central Society of Education therefore purposes enquiring into the systems of education which are formed and the progress which has actually been made in "this most essential of all sciences and arts" in Prussia, Switzerland, France, and other countries.

Nor will the society confine itself to the education of the humble classes, it also purposes considering how far those whom circumstances have placed among the higher ranks of society are prepared by an extended education to exercise the influence with which they are invested to high and valuable purposes, so as to become happy in themselves, useful members of society, and "steadfast pillars of the state," seeking their pleasure in promoting that of others, and striving to be remembered by posterity for the good which they have done for it. Although this society will be neither "the partial advocates of certain methods, nor the blind assailants of established systems," our whole course of Public School and University Education will be carefully scrutinized by the Society; the arguments which make for as well as those which impugn any established and obnoxious practice being fairly stated and duly weighed.

The points of interest for the consideration of the society are innumerable.—As for instance—1. the absolute necessity there is of founding schools for schoolmasters, before any sound system of education can be carried on—2. the value of natural science in developing the youthful faculties, and awakening an interest in surrounding nature—3. the discovery of extraordinary and valuable properties, which the senses were unable to take cognizance of without scrutiny, imparts an interest to every thing, and prevents "a person who travels from Dan to Beersheba from finding that all is barren," There will also be great utility in considering the expedients to which different experienced educators have had recourse in conveying distinct ideas, to those who are deprived of one or more of the senses, and teaching them to communicate them. For the blind can be taught to read and work—the deaf and the dumb, those who have never heard a sound to express their ideas in appropriate language. Deeply interesting as the subject is as regards the individuals thus unfortunately situated, an additional importance is attached to it, if it can be made subservient, as we believe it may, to the general purposes of education. The practice of resorting to flogging for the correction of mental and moral errors must not escape notice, any more than fagging—the exclusion of modern languages—the study of the standard writers in the English language—and the learning by rote. It has appeared to us questionable, whether, even the memory beyond that of words be strengthened by this last mentioned practice. The memory appears not to be one faculty of retaining ideas, but to consist of many :—the memory of words appears to be differ-

ent from that of place,—place from that of music,—music from that of form,—form from that of numbers,—numbers from that of moral principles. A careful consideration should be extended to the Physical Education,—exercise—clothing—ventilation,—as also to the cultivation of the sentiments, and the formation of character,—the causing children *to be* as well as *to know*,—the making what they learn enter into their habits. Many of the favourers of a change in education have of late years been impugning the value of the classics; and the directors of the Edinburgh academy complain of a prejudice against them in Scotland. If amid our changes we are tempted to neglect the study of those two noble languages of antiquity, the Latin and the Greek, it will be a subject much to be lamented;—for if there was not to be found in them a sentiment which is not embodied in modern literature, if the clearness and melody of the languages, their force and accuracy are as nothing,—still it is of the highest importance that we should be acquainted with the modes of thinking in ages far removed from our own times.—They afford us a point of comparison which greatly assists us in extricating ourselves from the peculiarities of particular Epochs, and in distinguishing the general principles of human nature from modes of the time in which we may chance to live, which become easily mistaken for them. But in attaching importance to classical studies, we do not allude to that slight and valueless acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages which is attained while at school by those who upon quitting it are obliged to enter immediately upon the active affairs of life, and there take leave of them for ever. The manly literature of the ancients contains stuff for the mature intellect to reflect upon.

The Society, we understand, proposes publishing from time to time in volumes, numbers, or small papers, according as its materials and other circumstances shall determine upon the following heads:—

1. Primary or elementary education.
2. Secondary education.
3. Superior or university education.
4. Special or professional education.
5. Supplementary education.

In the instance of a valuable article appearing upon any popular subject, it is proposed to publish it separately in a cheap form so as to be generally acceptable. Lists of valuable school books, and criticisms upon them will also be given, and publication we understand has also been contemplated, where a want of a work is felt and the society finds means of efficiently supplying it.

Mrs. Austin in her valuable preface to her translation of M. Victor Cousin's report says "constituted as the government of this country is, and accustomed as it is to receive its impulses from without (a state of things approved and consecrated by the national ways of thinking), it would be contrary to reason and to experience to expect it to originate any great changes. This is not recognized either by governors or governed as any part of its duty. It is to the public mind therefore that those who desire any change must address themselves." And it is to the public mind that the Central

Society of Education has determined upon addressing itself. Let it awaken that, enlighten that, make that sensible of the not-to-be-resisted influence of education, of the extent to which the happiness and real greatness of the nation may be increased by its agency;—and then and only then can it hope to see some sound and comprehensive system adopted which shall impart happiness, intelligence, and a healthy moral tone to the English nation. Most heartily do we desire the success of the Society; and here let us urge all those who have an anxious care for the future welfare of mankind, to come forward in numbers and in strength, with information and with funds to its support. From the north, from the south, from the east, and the west let them pour in and convince the government that the nation is not indifferent to the cause of education; nor let religious or political differences deter them,—the Society has determined to keep aloof from all such considerations, and to follow out its one great question proposed—EDUCATION.

THE ACROPOLIS.

'Tis hallow'd ground. On yonder lofty hill
Which proudly rears its crest above the plain,
Whence, down the cleft, descends the gurgling rill,
Dwells one whose fame has travers'd every main,
And echoed o'er each rugged shore. Thy fane,
Bright Pallas, propp'd by fairy art, defies
The ravages of time. Hoar age hath ta'en
In his fell grip gay palaces. Thine rise,
Refreshed by cooling gales, when every other dies.

Where now the incense glowing at thy shrine
Great goddess, offspring of high-thundering Jove?
Off'rings and victims are no longer thine,
Nor high-borne banners round thy temple move
In victory's hour. Their warp so thinly wove
Hath perish'd. List! the impetuous warrior's cry
Resounds no longer from the dusky grove
Where th' academic throng oft lov'd to pry
In mystic lore, and hear the airy harmony.

The olden race is run—thy walls remain
Alone, and sighing to the winter's blast,—
While aged ivy wreathes his verdant chain
Silent memorial of thy greatness past!
Around thy marble columns richly cast.
Sole birth of noble Jove! though temples fall,
Mould'ring to dust, thy fane shall ever last;
Oblivion thy grandeur ne'er shall pall,—
And when thou perishest, at last, shall perish all.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte ; written by himself. Translated under the author's superintendence. 8vo. Vol. I. Saunders and Otley.

THOSE who lived in the days of Bonaparte's prosperity, when his arms carried terror and desolation through Europe, need not be reminded of the interest and dread with which the mere mention of his name was attended, and with what eagerness every tale or anecdote connected with that gigantic being was caught up and echoed in every circle of English society during the French war. The sun of Napoleon has long set,—the willows are growing wild over his sea-girt tomb, but his deeds live after him and are recollected with an interest only inferior because not so dreadful or perilous as when the usurper's eyes looked from the cliffs of France on the shores of Britain,—but still with an interest which no other subject belonging to the same period can command. The Parisian press teems with works on Napoleon; and many of the best have been adopted on this side the channel, whose reception has been almost uniformly flattering to their respective authors. Much has been written, it must be acknowledged, but still the subject seems not to be exhausted. "Another and another still" we have seen; and we had nearly added, "I will see no more" when the announcement of Lucien Bonaparte's *Memoirs* from the bureau of Messrs. Saunders and Otley caused us to suspend our half uttered words.

These memoirs are not private and family details,—they are recollections of public affairs in France commencing with the revolution, and will be found extremely valuable as furnishing materials for the history of the republic and empire. The quantity of matter in the author's possession no doubt rendered it necessary for him to exercise some judgment in selection. In few books have we ever seen the interest so well maintained. The style of the author is generally simple and very graphic; and it is only occasionally that he adopts that very artificial style so distasteful to an English mind and so characteristic of French composition.

The whole narrative is so connected in all its parts, that only a very extended series of extracts would give any proper notion of the book before us; and we have not room for that analysis which might serve instead of such extracts. We leave this first volume of a most valuable and attractive work in the hands of our readers, trusting that they will not forget to read its pages with the attention that they deserve.

As a mere specimen of the style, we extract two portions,—one descriptive of Paoli, the patriot of Corsica,—the other an account of Madame Bonaparte's escape from Paoli's arrest.

"The village of Rostino is situated on the mountains, and composed of cottages and some small houses. Paoli inhabited a convent, where he lived with a noble simplicity. He had every day at his frugal but well served table several guests. Every day a numerous crowd of mountaineers waited for the moment of his going out to see and speak to him: they surrounded him with filial respect. He spoke to all like a good father; but what at first surprised me extremely, was his recollecting and calling by their names the chiefs of families whom he had not seen for above a quarter of a century. Those calls, that remembrance, produced upon our islanders a magical effect. The fine head of the noble old man, ornamented with his long white hair, his majestic figure, his mild but penetrating look, his clear and sonorous voice, all contributed to throw an inexpressible charm upon what he said. To imagine a patriarch legislator in the midst of his numerous race, I do not think that either painting or poetry could borrow more noble features than those which I contemplated for several months at Rostino.

"Notwithstanding my enthusiasm, upon reflecting one day on the prodigious

gious memory of Paoli, I began to question myself how it was possible. That same scene, repeated several times at each walk, and almost in the same terms, ended by inspiring me with doubts. I was as much as I could be on the side of my hero. I began by observing all the preparations for these daily walks: a monk went always to the cabinet of Paoli before he walked out: I slyly followed him, and I beheld him for several successive days descend into the middle of the crowd, and talk with the chiefs of those who were waiting for an audience. It appeared evident to me that the precursor monk supplied, by his confidential reports, the memory of the patron. I must own that discovery displeased me; although I observed how greatly that paternal friend rendered so many good old men happy, the shadow of a deception offended my young imagination, and cooled a little my enthusiasm. I quitted Rostino, and I returned to Ajaccio, to keep our friends in their duties. Joseph ceased to have any influence in the departmental administration. Napoleon rejoined the representatives of the people at Bastia. The opinion of Paoli influenced the whole island. On the 26th of April, 1793, Corsica renounced France."

The young Bonapartes, unwilling that Corsica should be severed from republican France, sent to Marseilles to solicit the aid of the Jacobins. Madame Bonaparte seemed to Paoli a fair hostage likely to deter her sons from their enterprise. She barely escaped from arrest.

"Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, she beheld her chamber filled with armed mountaineers. She at first imagined that she was surprised by her enemies; but by the light of a torch of fir, which fell upon the countenance of the chief, she felt reassured: it was Costa of Bastelica, the most devoted of our partizans. 'Quick, make haste, Signora Letizia! Paoli's men are close upon you; you have not a moment to lose; but here I am with all my men. We will save you, or perish with you!'

"Bastelica is one of the most populous villages in Corsica, situated at the foot of Monte d'Oro, in the middle of a forest of chestnuts, the growth of centuries: it contains inhabitants renowned for their courage and audacity, and for unbounded fidelity in their affections. One of these intrepid hunters, while traversing the chain of mountains which separates the island into two parts, had encountered a numerous troop descending towards Ajaccio. He learnt that this troop were to be introduced during the night into the town by the party of Paoli; and to carry off our family prisoners to Mostino. He had even heard it affirmed that they were to take all the children of Charles alive or dead. To return like an arrow to his village, and inform the chief of our partisans, to arm all who had a gun or a poinard, and to traverse with hasty strides the forest of Bastelica, was but the affair of a moment. After a forced march of several hours, our brave friends entered the town during the night, about three hundred in number, having only preceded our enemies by a few miles.

"My mother and her children arose in haste, having only time to take their clothes with them, and, placed in the centre of the column, they left the town in silence, the inhabitants being still plunged in sleep. They entered into the deepest recesses of the mountain, and, at break of day, they halted in a forest, from whence they could discover a part of the shore. Several times the fugitives heard from their encampment the troops of the enemy traverse the neighbouring valleys; but Providence deigned to spare them from an encounter that must have been fatal. On the same day the flames, arising in thick columns from the middle of the town, attracted the eyes of our friends. '*It is your house that is burning,*' said one of them to my mother. '*Ah! never mind,*' she replied, '*we will build it up again much better: Vive la France!*' After two nights of a march, skilfully directed, they at length perceived the sails of the French vessels. My mother took leave of her brave defenders, and rejoined her eldest sons on board the frigate of the representatives of the people. The rage of our enemies was thus reduced to expend itself upon the stones of our house."

We cannot conclude this notice without alluding to the politics of the Prince

of Canino. He belongs to that trimming school termed the *Doctrinaires*, and throughout the volume his efforts to uphold such views are strongly manifested.

Library of Anecdote. Book of Table-Talk. 2 Vols. fcp. 8vo. Knight.

IN lately reviewing a novel, from which we gave copious extracts, occasion was taken to insist on the general utility of anecdotes, as furnishing us with passages of life calculated to convey valuable information. The Percy Anecdotes—compiled as they were, not with any great attention to truth—were, there is little doubt, useful in conveying lessons respecting practical conduct. These volumes, though less systematically drawn up than the Percy Anecdotes, and therefore less conducive to moral improvement, will, we have little doubt, exercise a beneficial influence on society. At any rate, they will not fail to amuse many fire-side evenings of those families that can derive pleasure from the perusal of literary anecdotes.

We have read both volumes with some attention; we know not by whom they have been drawn up—although they look like Leigh Hunt's;—but certainly the second is not got up in the same beautiful easy style as the first. In fact it smells too much of the lamp, which in a book of this nature spoils the whole.

Still there is very much of highly amusing matter, which it would be ungrateful not to mention. In the jocose style we may name more particularly "Take care of your Heads." "Sir Walter Scott's Astronomy." "Anecdotes of Brunelleschi." "A Great Man in Disguise." "A Desultory Chapter on Eating." There are some good illustrations of history in these volumes, from which we shall venture to make some short extracts.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, AND QUEEN ANNE.

"The following letter was written after her own and her husband's fall at court and in the cabinet. Sarah, though an acute woman, does not appear to have discovered all the weaknesses of royalty, and the miseries of being a queen's favourite, until she had ceased to be one. It was then 'sour grapes' with her. The copy of the letter in the Coxe papers is imperfect, and we have omitted a few lines that have no particular interest.

"I have most of the copies of the letters that passed through my hands of any consequence; the letters I mention to the queen, upon the 12th of June 1710, were only copies of letters from Lord Rochester, Mr. Harley, and all parties, to show the great sense they had of Lord Marlborough's services to the queen and to England, all which I hoped might contribute to move her: but I fear you will have some contempt for me when you come to my last expression in my letter of the 12th of June, after so much inhuman usage, and I do assure you that I could not have done it for any thing in the world that related only to myself; and, after what has passed, I do solemnly protest that if it were in my power I would not again be a favourite, which few will believe; and since I shall never be able to give any demonstration of that truth, I had as good say no more of it. But, as fond as people are of power, I fancy any body that had been shut up so many tedious hours as I have been, with a person that had no conversation, and yet must be treated with respect, would feel something of what I did; and be very glad, when their circumstances did not want it, to be freed from such a slavery, which must be uneasy at all times, though I do protest that upon the account of her loving me and trusting me so entirely as she did, I had a concern for her, which was more than you will easily believe. And I would have served her with the hazard of my life upon any occasion; but after she put me at liberty, by using me ill, I was very easy, and liked better that any body should have her favour than myself at the price of flattery, without which, I believe, nobody can be well with a king or queen, unless the world should come to be less corrupt, or the wiser than any I have seen since I was born; and I was so far from having

any inclination to flatter, that I remember I read the Tatler, No. 14, with great pleasure, where he says, "Bless us! is it possible that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful?" and then goes on with a great deal very fine, and ends, that 'tis less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. I must add one thing more, which I had almost forgot, that the queen never gave any particular reason for all that violent proceeding against Lord Sunderland. She was angry with him about two years before, for something in the Scotch business, which was misrepresented to her, but she took his excuse upon it; and he certainly had said nothing disrespectful or uneasy to her; and she appeared so well satisfied with him, that, just before he was put out, (after she had allowed my Lord Godolphin to write to my Lord Marlborough upon it), she took care of his health, and advised some medicine for him to take, I think for a cold.

"St. Alban's, April 23rd, 1711."

"In many other of her letters Sarah treats her majesty much more severely; and, scattered through her numerous defences of her own conduct while favourite and comptroller of the queen's purse, there are numerous passages of the most bitter sarcasm and withering scorn. She paints the 'good Queen Anne,' as people once called her, as a selfish, sensual, and low-minded woman; ignorant and helpless in the extreme, a slattern, and a shrew; weak and yet obstinate; endowed with worse than plebeian vulgarity of manners, and yet entertaining the highest notions of royal blood, and gentility 'by the grace of God.' The grain of salt with which all this is to be taken, ought, no doubt, to be a large one.

"In one of the papers we have read in the Coxe collection, it is said, 'The queen's friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion. Her love to the prince (Anne's husband, the Prince of Denmark) seemed in the eyes of the world to be prodigiously great. But if the passion of grief were great, her stomach was much greater; for that very day he died she eat three very large and hearty meals: so that one would think, *that, as other persons' grief takes away their appetite, her appetite took away her grief.* * * * I know that in some libels she hath been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but *I believe* this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of *strong* wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her. * * * Her presents were generally very few and very mean, as fruits, or venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in the former reigns.'

"We have mentioned in a former part of our Table Talk, that the duchess employed eminent literary men of the day to write most of her defences and attacks. The paper from which we have last quoted was supposed by Archdeacon Coxe to have been written by St. Priest, and to be part of the identical document Sarah showed to Mr. Walpole, who was somewhat discomforted thereat. What Queen Anne most dreaded after their rupture, was that the duchess would publish their correspondence, for her grace gave her to understand she had kept every silly letter her majesty had addressed her, as well as a copy of every letter she had written to her majesty. In the queen's letters there was much to blush at: her fondness of the favourite was puerile, and absolutely a doating; her language, orthography, grammar, and style were below *par* even at those days. Her majesty concludes a letter on 'church livings' with these words, in which the second and third persons of the possessive pronouns are amusingly confounded. "And this is all I can now trouble my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman with, but that *her* poor unfortunate Morley will be faithfully *yours* to her last moment.' In other parts of this correspondence her majesty's sensibility is still more maudlin, the tone in which she speaks of herself more abject, and her grammar worse.

"As to our names—Morley and Freeman,' says Sarah, 'the queen herself was always uneasy if I used the word 'highness' or 'majesty,' and would

say from the first how awkward it was to write every day in the terms of princess, &c. And when she chose the name of Morley for herself, for no reason that I remember but that she liked it, or the sound of it, I am not sure that I did not choose the other with some regard to my own humour, which it seems in some sort to express.' For many years the correspondence of these high dames was in no other name or style. Mrs. Morley wrote to her dear Mrs. Freeman, and Mrs. Freeman to her dear Mrs. Morley, and under this travestimento they discussed great state questions, named generals, disposed of church livings, and made or translated bishops.

"The Marlborough correspondence, over which we have passed many amused hours, lets us into several secrets not generally recorded in history. We learn, for example, that the vile practice of opening private letters at our post-office, was as common in one part of Queen Anne's reign, as it was in France during that of Bonaparte, when, as Bourrienne tells us, the practice was universal. Thus, in a letter from the duke to the duchess, written from abroad on the 28th of August, 1710, just after he had heard of his wife's disgrace, and the sudden fall of the Godolphin ministry, his grace says, 'I would beg of you not to write any thing but what you would not care if it were seen, unless you should have a safe hand of writing.' And again, in a letter, bearing date November the 18th, 1710, from Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, and written to her grace by Dr. Hare, the duke's chaplain, who had got leave of absence from the army, there is this direct allusion to seal-breaking: 'But I have heard so much in the little time I have been in London of letters being opened, that I can't persuade myself to let any thing of that kind, which has the honour to be addressed to your grace, run the hazard of coming into other hands, especially since your return to St. James will now, I presume, in a very little time, give me an opportunity of transmitting to your grace, by a safe hand, my poor sentiments upon the subject.'

"The 'thing of that kind,' which the reverend chaplain so prudently withheld, was a comparison between the Whig ministry that had gone out, and that of the Tories which had come in; a comparison, of course, not very flattering to the latter. In another letter to her grace this same political parson does not speak too favourable of the political abilities of the bench of bishops. After praising the *honesty* and *good* character of the archbishop of York, he adds: 'I only say this of him as to his being a good man, which does not make one a wise man; and 'tis so very rare to see much political wisdom or abilities of that sort in bishops, that I don't wonder that he has not more of it.' His reverence, however, deploras that the Whig and Marlborough party 'did not keep their hold of a man who had so much influence in the clergy.' Dr. Hare bustled among parties to some purpose,—he became Bishop of Chichester, which elevation, by giving him a seat on the prelatical bench in the House of Lords, probably changed his opinion as to the political wisdom of bishops."

The following traits of Louis XIV are, probably, not generally known.

TRAITS OF LOUIS XIV.

"Louis XIV. issued an edict concerning duels, in 1679; in which it is said that 'whereas it has been reported to us, that there are men of ignoble birth, and who have, nevertheless, the insolence to call out noblemen, and when these noblemen refuse to give them satisfaction, on account of the inequality of their respective conditions, the said challengers engage other noblemen to fight on their behalf, which fights often terminate in murder, the more detestable that it proceeds from an abject cause: we will and ordain that, in such cases of challenge and duel, especially if followed by serious wounds or death, the said ignoble persons or *roturiers*, convicted of having excited and provoked similar disorders, shall, without remission, be hung and strangled, and all their property, moveable and immoveable, be confiscated; and with regard to the nobleman who shall thus have taken the part of ignoble and unworthy persons, they shall be also put to death in the like manner.'

This edict was confirmed under the regency in February 1723. Five centuries before, in times comparatively barbarous, and when the institutions of the country and the system of society were essentially feudal, Louis IX., on the occasion of an accusation by a villain against a noble, allowed them to try the truth of the charge by single combat, in which the nobleman should fight on horseback and the villain on foot; but he ordered at the same time that the loser, whichever he might be, should be immediately suspended to the gallows.

"The French feudal nobility, from the oldest times of the monarchy, were essentially fond of war through vanity, ignorance of the arts of peace, restlessness, or want of money. This ruling passion caused the crusades, the never-ending Italian expeditions, and the civil and religious wars in France itself. 'The French,' says Brantome, and in his time the French meant the French nobility, 'have always been ready to come to blows either against foreigners or against each other. For which reason the Burgundians and the Flemings are wont to say that when the French are asleep the devil is rocking them.' Louis XIV. broke the power of his nobility, and made courtiers of them; but at the same time he imbibed their prejudices and tastes. In his 'Instructions for the use of the Dauphin,' he says, that 'the sight of so many gentlemen around him ready to fight in his service, urged him to find employment for their valour.' He adopted the principle that 'a king of France is essentially military, and that from the moment he sheathes his sword he ceases to reign.' In his letter to the Marquis de Villars, dated January, 1688, he says, 'that the noblest and most agreeable occupation of a sovereign is to aggrandize his territory.' Accordingly, he was, during the greater part of his long reign, engaged in destructive war, in which he was generally the aggressor. His father left him an army of fifty thousand men, which he raised to four hundred thousand. He gave the first example, which he compelled other powers to adopt, of those immense standing armies which have cost Europe so dear ever since. He kept, likewise, foreign legions in which he enrolled Irish, Germans, Piedmontese, Corsicans, Poles, Hungarians, and even Swedes—all the malcontents and the run-aways of the rest of Europe. While he smothered all liberty in France, he excited revolt in Ireland, in Hungary, in Transylvania, in Sicily, and even in England against his submissive ally Charles II. 'I encouraged,' he says, in his Instructions to the Dauphin, 'the remnant of Cromwell's party, in order to excite through it some fresh disturbances in London.' He looked upon the words of treaties as 'forms of politeness which ought not to be taken to the letter.' Such was the 'Great King,' and such his policy, which Napoleon adopted a century later, and carried on on a much larger scale. 'I am the state,' said Louis XIV.: 'I am the representative of France,' exclaimed Napoleon. The influence of Louis XIV. on the politics of our own days has not been sufficiently noticed. The ruling demagogues of the French revolution, the men of the convention and of the directory, were disciples of that overbearing and unprincipled school founded by Louis XIV.; they followed the same principles of policy, under the name of liberty and republican forms. Their boasted equality was the equality of despotism—the equality of Turkey."

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion. In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.

COLERIDGE.

Of the same character are "Anecdotes of Oliver Cromwell;" "Divine Right of Kings;" "Cavaliers and Roundheads;" "Prynne's Histrio-Mastix;" "Diary of a Divine in the Eighteenth Century."

We conclude this too brief notice of the "Book of Table-Talk" by a few anecdotes of foreign gourmanderie.

"*The Count de Broussin*.—Most of the later writers on this great subject seem to have forgotten the Count de Broussin, who was, however, a very dis-

tinguished man in his day, and one of the great improvers of *la cuisine Française*.

"The count was accustomed to boast that he had acquired the fulness of culinary science, and yet he every day made some new discovery in the province of good eating. As an experimentalist he was indefatigable, devoting as much time and toil to find out a new dish as the alchymist did to discover the immortal elixir or the philosopher's stone. He could so disguise the natural taste of fish, flesh, and fowl that nobody could tell what he was eating. Whenever he had produced a new combination of sauces, or made any other lucky hit in gastronomy, he invited the friends of whose taste he had the highest opinion, to deliberate and pass judgment on the dish; and this was done with more solemnity, and with much more sincerity, than people felt in criticising an epic poem or a new tragedy. With the count, the word *gout*, or taste, had only its single, original, and physical meaning; and he esteemed men according to the delicacy and discrimination of their palates. His favourites were the duke de Lesdiguières and the count d'Olonne, who were critical and erudite in the science of cooking. When he had to give what he called a *repas d'érudition*, (a learned dinner) to the duke and count, he was up by four o'clock in the morning, directing, ordering, counter-ordering, feeling, seeing, smelling, and tasting; now puzzling himself as to the precise seasoning for a soup, and now racking his inventions to produce a new *gout* in an *entremet*. Like most good eaters, he was a good-natured man; but woe unto the *chef*, *garçon de cuisine*, or other servant, that neglected or disobeyed his orders on these occasions. He would storm like a madman; the least of his threats to the delinquent being to whip him, send him to the pillory, and cut off his ears.

"Nor did the count's cares end with the cooking of the dinner, he was equally particular as to the manner of its serving up; and, above all things, he was anxious that the table should stand most mathematically horizontal, as he had discovered that the least deviation from the straight line—the slightest dip on this side or that, affected the flavour and delicacy of some dishes. He was therefore to be seen with rule and line, compasses and level in hand, setting the dinner-table on what he called its proper legs.

"One day, when, as we may suppose, the erudite duke and count were not present, he said solemnly to his guests, "Gentlemen, do you taste the mule's hoof in that *omelette aux champignons*?" The guests were all astonished at this apostrophe. 'Poor ignorant creatures!' rejoined Broussin, 'must I teach you that the champignons employed in this omelette have been crushed by the foot of a mule? That brings champignons (mushrooms) to the last point of perfection!'

"Despréaux, who tells this story, was once obliged to give the *savant gourmand* a dinner. The poor satirist was terrified at the idea. 'You must send me a fairy,' said he, 'to enable me, with my simple household, to regale you according to your superiority of taste.' 'Not at all, not at all!' replied the count, 'give us just what you like; we shall be satisfied with a poet's dinner.' The duke de Vitry and Messrs. de Barillon and de Gourville, were of the party, which went off marvellously well. As he took his leave, Broussin said with much emotion, 'My dear Despréaux, you may boast of having given us a dinner without a fault.'

"*Diners-out*.—Some men, again, with a taste that might do honour to a prince, are so unfortunately situated that they can only afford to pay for the dinner of a peasant. Nothing, therefore, is left for them but to dine at the expense of other people, like Monsieur Pique-assiette in the admirable French farce of that name. But it is not every man that can gain an easy access to the tables of the givers of good dinners, or keep it when he has got it. To do this, patience, watchfulness, steadiness of purpose, complacent humour, and a variety of peculiar talents are required. There is, however, one little rule which

parasites will find useful, and that is, always to set off the savouriness of a good dish against the unsavouriness of a remark, and the smiles of a well-covered table against the frowns and sneers of the presiding Amphytrion and the rest of the company. 'The marquis calls me a fool,' said an abbé, a finished master of the art; 'but I am not such a fool as to quarrel with his *pâté-de-foie gras*.'

"A man of this humour may do a great deal in the way of dining out, particularly in some countries on the continent, where each wealthy family keeps a sort of an open table one day in the week. Nothing more therefore is necessary to dine well every day, than to get a footing in seven houses having different feast-days; but we believe the more experienced and successful of these diners-out do not consider themselves well provided for unless they have nine or ten families to count upon, which leaves them two or three as a *corps de reserve*, in case of sickness, death, bankruptcy, or the like, in any of the other houses. 'Our day is Thursday,' said a good dinner-giver in our hearing; 'but you can't dine with us, as it is your day at the duchess's.'

"'I beg your pardon,' replied the parasite, 'the duchess has got the quinsy, and my Thursdays will be disengaged for two or three weeks to come.'

"'Then come and make penitence with us.'

"*The Abbé C*—. In our time an old abbé carried this art, '*di scroccare pranzi*,' to its utmost perfection; and he knew every man and woman that ever gave a good dinner. He kept a correct register of all the dishes for which each house was celebrated, and of the days when they were likely to have the best dinners. A *dîner maigre*, or repast without meat, is a serious thing with all gourmets, as it is exquisite, mediocre, or detestable, according to the science of the cook and the taste of his masters. Our abbé had therefore taken note, 'always to dine with the duke di C— and the Countess R— on Fridays and Saturdays, and oftener during Lent, because their *diners maigres* are the best!' He had also established a gossiping acquaintance with every cook of any distinction, and would generally contrive to learn from them what was in cogitation for the day's or the morrow's dinner. We met him one morning perplexed in the extreme: "Timpano of macaroni with Abruzzi truffles, at Don Domenico's; red mullets and pheasants from Persano, at the baron's! Which shall I prefer?"

"But the manner in which he cajoled and kept in good favour with the cooks, who, in the south of Italy are now, as in the days of the great Apicius, very frequently Sicilians, was truly admirable.

"'*In tempo degli antichi Romani*—in the times of the ancient Romans,' he would say, 'the Sicilians were the first cooks in the world. *Cuoco Siciliano*, that was enough! And they are the best cooks still. Ah, yes! the Sicilians were always a people of genius! and *di grazia*, Master Antonio, couldn't ye contrive to send up a double dish of chickens' livers the next time I dine at the house?'

'If good dinners could have kept a man alive, the abbé would have lived for ever; but, alas! it was not so, and one day he died. A wit composed his epitaph in Italian doggerel rhyme, the sense of which may be thus rendered into English:

"'Here lies the abbé, who lived seventy years and odd. And what in seventy years and odd did he do? He ate more good dinners for nothing than any man that ever lived, but at last he paid for a dinner and it choked him.'

"He was certainly a great man in his way, though not particularly distinguished out of it. One of the best of his sayings was the following:

"'It is a vulgar error to say, that where there is dinner for two, there is dinner enough for three:—it ought to be, where there is dinner for three, there is *perhaps* enough for two.'

"*Cook versus Chaplain*.—The Prince di—, at whose table this prince of pa-

parasites often dined, although he paid for them, was as fond of good dinners as the abbé, and had a Sicilian cook of surpassing excellence. Once having occasion to visit his estates in the provinces, he sent on the *chef* and his assistants and casseroles in a van some days before him, with orders to wait for him at a town near the foot of some mountains where the carriage road ended. When the prince reached the appointed place, his first enquiry was for the dear cook, the second whether the implements of his art had arrived safe. The next day, being mounted on mules, the whole party, including besides the chef and his aides-de-camp, the prince's chaplain, steward, valet, two footmen, a groom, and some soldiers as an escort, took a bridle-road across the mountains, which in many places was rather dangerous, being flanked by rocks and precipices. Having seen the *batterie de cuisine* safely packed on one beast, and the cook mounted on another, the prince said, 'Take good care of yourself, for if anything should happen to you, what shall I do for a dinner in these barbarous parts?' and having so warned the chef, he went and placed himself at the head of the cavalcade. As the road or path became worse and worse, he turned round now and then to cry, 'Have a care of those casseroles! Cook, mind what you are about!' But at a point where the path had turned round the shoulder of a rock, which prevented his seeing along the lengthened line, then marching in Indian-file fashion, his nerves sustained a sad shock, for on a sudden he heard the snort of a mule and the scream of a man, and then a plump and a splashing as if some one had fallen over the precipice into the torrent below. Pale, and with his knees knocking against his saddle, he turned back to see what it was, exclaiming as he went, 'The cook! the cook! holy Virgin, the cook!' 'No, your excellency,' replied a voice along the line, 'it is Don Prosdócimo!' 'Ah! only the chaplain,' said the prince, 'God be thanked!'

"*Montmor*.—It is quite natural that Paris, which boasts so many excellent cooks, should have a reasonable number of parasites and diners-out. There indeed the latter art has been systematised in that excellent and useful little book entitled '*L'art de diner en ville*.'

"In the old days of the Bourbons, few of the French parasites were more notorious than *Montmor*, who was, however, a man of wit as well as a scholar and glutton.

"One day that *Lignière* attacked him about his continual dinings-out, he said, 'What would you have me do? I am so pressed!' 'I believe you,' rejoined *Lignière*, 'nothing is more pressing than *gourmandise*.'

"On another occasion, he was asked why he ran so eagerly after good dinners and festivals; 'Because they will not run after me,' he replied, and then added this ingenious piece of etymology; 'Our ancestors called their feasts *festins*, from the Latin verb *festinare*, to hurry or make haste, in order to show that people ought always to make haste in going to them.'

These two volumes of "*Table Talk*," however much they may show the ceremony of preparation and smell of the lamp, are well worthy of perusal; and as we are well assured that the stories may be depended on for truth, we shall not be guilty of too much confidence, if we sincerely recommend them to the notice of all our laughter-loving readers.

POLITICS.

Progress of the Nation in its Social and Economical Relations from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Porter. 12mo. Knight.

It has been said by some foreign visitor, we forget by whom, that "the English are a nation of shopkeepers who care only for the realities of life." We glory in such an imputation. It is only within the last century that our countrymen have found out where their real strength lies,—in their manu-

factures and commerce. Long and obstinate were the struggles of the agricultural interest to set themselves up as the main-props of the British empire; and a generation or two must pass away ere the prejudices of the land-owners can be subdued. Yet, the triumph is complete:—sea-girt England must be a nation of shopkeepers—or nothing. In fact, England never truly prospered, until she became such. Why then, should we care for the envious censures of foreigners?

The volume now before us is of inestimable value to a nation of shopkeepers, inasmuch as it shows the almost inexhaustible resources of a commercial population. We should like nothing more than properly to analyse this excellent book, to give an epitome of the extensive statistical knowledge possessed by the author;—but within the limits of a short notice it would not be possible to give even a very brief account of the contents of Mr. Porter's elaborate book.

Hoping that it may be in our power to give a more extended article in the ensuing number in favour of this volume of statistics, we just give a brief account of its chapters.

The subjects of this volume—the first, we hope, of a series—are—Population and Production. The former section (consisting of five chapters) includes all particulars on the population of Great Britain during the last thirty years and the effects of medicine, medical discoveries and medical establishments,—the occupations of the people, and particularly of the manufacturing people and traders,—the history and tendency of pauperism in England and the different methods of relieving the poor on the Continent,—the advantages resulting from Emigration, Statistics of Emigration, and of Criminal Emigration. The latter section,—that entitled Production,—considers *first*, the agricultural productions and the effects of different laws on the farming-population,—the effects of Machinery and of Revenue laws,—the proportions of cultivated and waste-lands in the United Kingdoms,—and the effects of an increasing population on the farming interest;—*secondly*, it treats of the different manufactures of Britain, those of the various textile fabrics, woollen, cotton, silk, and linen—as compared with those of foreign countries and those of the metallic description, as iron, steel, brass, copper, plated-goods, glass and hardwares. The author next proceeds to discuss the effects of machinery in our own country and the consequences likely to follow on its exportation and on the licence given to artizans going abroad. The concluding chapter gives many valuable details on the mining interests of our insulated empire, which are of no less importance than the points before mentioned.

We doubt whether, except Mc.Culloch's Dictionary, any work has been produced since Colquhoun's of such real interest as that now under review.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine and a second visit to Switzerland. By J. F. Cooper. 2 Vols. post 8vo. Bentley.

IN our September number we gave to our readers some criticisms on Mr. Cooper's excursions in Switzerland which formed the first series of the writer's travels, and we took occasion to make some rather severe strictures on that production. All the faults and good points of the former work are visible in the present volumes; only, as the author has to describe what does not so much require the imagination of the painter or poet,—as he is in these later writings the describer of men and of manners rather than the landscape sketcher,—his faults are less prominent, while his striking and more winning peculiarities come forth in more prominent relief. Mr. Cooper has certainly considerable talent in the portraiture of men and manners, and the simplicity

of his narrative style adds to the fascination; and we only regret that his nationalism or rather his Americo-mania renders it impossible to give to those portions of his book our unqualified praise. The visit to Paris was in the year 1832 in the times of La Fayette and the cholera. The author is constantly with La Fayette and views through his medium the politics of the day. The insincerity of the "patriot king" is well described, and the account of the French court altogether may be read by courtiers and diplomatists in general with much advantage. The merely political details are somewhat *passé* and have been much better given. His second volume is devoted to an excursion up the Rhine from Cologne into Switzerland; and with respect to this portion of the work we shall not add a single word to our former observations.

Mr. Cooper's proper department is FICTION. The author of Waverley attempted history and failed. Let not the living romancist lose his well-earned laurels in a vain attempt to enlarge the sphere of his celebrity.

ABSTRACT AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

Silliman's Quarterly Journal of Science and Arts. U.S. July, 18 .

THE present number contains "Observations on Halley's Comet," by Elias Soomis, of Yale College, and also on the "Variation of the Magnetic Needle," by the same gentleman—a valuable geological paper, by Captain Bonnycastle, on "The Transition-Rocks of the Cataragui"—a very ingenious article on "Scientific Definitions," by the Rev. D. Wilkie, of Quebec (with some of whose conclusions we still beg to differ)—and another by J. D. Dana, on the "Formation of Twin Crystals."

Those papers which are most interesting to the well-informed general reader are—1. A communication by G. E. Day, of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, on "The late efforts in France and other parts of Europe to restore the *Sourd-méiats*." 2. Professor Simmons's "Notice of a Scientific Expedition to Nova Scotia."

It is a matter of regret that we cannot further notice this excellent transatlantic Journal, which ought immediately to command, as we believe it does, the notice of many of our scientific countrymen.

White's Natural History of Selborne; to which are added the Antiquities of Selborne. Edited by E. BLYTHE. 8vo. Orr and Smith.

MR. WHITE, the accomplished naturalist of Selborne, lived at a time when Zoology was not systematically studied as it is in our day. He had little aid from his predecessors, and in defect of that aid, instead of forming vain theories from short and imperfect observation, he was willing to devote his whole life to the watchful examination of the functions and habits of animals, and was content with transmitting in familiar letters the results of his inquiries to his brethren in natural science. We know scarcely any such instance of an investigator in natural science accomplished and perfectly competent, yet so modest and indifferent to self-adulation as Mr. White; and certainly no mere *observer* of animals has transmitted to posterity such valuable information on their functions and peculiar habits.

Mr. White's book has been often edited before. The present, however, is an entirely new edition. To say that the type is good, and that the illustrations, more than two hundred in number, are unexceptionable, is but insufficient praise. The notes, which are entirely new, form a very important feature in this elegant and cheap volume. The editor, we are certain, and this is but small praise, is not only a man of taste, but also of considerable scientific attainments. This edition is well fitted for the library.

The Naturalist,—conducted by B. Maund. F.L.S. &c. No. 1. 2. 3. Groombridge.

History of British Quadrupeds,—by T. Bell. F.R.S. Van Voorst.

History of British Fishes,—by W. Yarrell. V.P.Z.S. Van Voorst.

WE ought to have given an earlier notice of these works; but our space has not permitted us to give them a niche among the reviews. Among the papers in the numbers of the *Naturalist* now lying on our table we have pleasure in noticing "Mudie's distinctions between vertebrated and invertebrated animals"—"Morris's account of Hatfield chase"—"Murchison's notice of the Dudley coal-field," and "Neville Wood's essay on the habits of the Coot (*Fulica Atrata*) and the Ring-dove." It is to be hoped that the talented and industrious editor of this beautiful periodical meets with all the encouragement that his efforts deserve. The coloured engravings—especially that of the *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*—are especially good and true.

Mr. Bell's work,—of which we have before us the three first numbers,—describes the Bat, Hedgehog, Mole, Badger, Shrew and Otter. The author, whose scientific attainments are undoubted, has done what none of his predecessors in the popular line have accomplished before him:—he has succeeded in uniting an almost professional accuracy of description with that fascination of style and description which must ever make the book attractive to general readers. Yarrell's book of Fishes is another book of the same character. No country gentleman should be without these pretty volumes.

CLASSICS.

The Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle:—Bakker's text, with prolegomena and notes by Brewer. 8vo. Slatter, Oxford.

SINCE the time of Bacon a very strong prejudice has arisen among the generally informed—and these with all deference we would call the uninformed—of the British community against the works of Aristotle;—as if that great man,—one of the greatest,—if not quite the greatest of all the philosophers of ancient and modern times,—had been the cause of all the errors of his more unworthy followers,—errors which it was the glory of Bacon to dissipate. With the *Organon* of Aristotle—perhaps, on the whole, his greatest work,—it is not our province here to meddle. His ethical productions have raised for him a monument, which even under a Christian morality we dare not pass unhonoured. The *Nichomachean Ethics*, the *Magna Moralia*, and the *Ethics* addressed to Eudemus compose the moral writings of Aristotle; and we may boldly say,—speaking from personal experience,—that the student's time will not be mis-spent in giving to these works, and especially to the first, a thrice repeated perusal. The *τὸ ἀγαθόν* of Aristotle is practical as well as speculative.

Mr. Brewer was a first-class man at Oxford in 1831, and has been subsequently distinguished as a private tutor for those students who are ambitious of academic distinctions.

His work is practically useful; and although he be much the junior of Mr. Lancaster, we doubt not that it is far more useful than the production of the Bampton Lecturer.

The Student's Manual of Ancient History,—by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D. of Trinity College, Dublin. 8vo. Parker.

SOME years ago Heeren's Manual was translated, and certainly to English students no boon could be more acceptable. The original work was not without its faults, and the translator might have done his work more cleverly; but still, owing to its hints and copious references, it was a book deservedly popular in our Universities. The book before us has, we doubt not, taken its rise from that of Heeren; and the native compiler would fain supplant the foreigner. This will not do. Dr. Taylor's book is not without its merits. Its

details are, so far as we can see, tolerably accurate, the arrangement is lucid and judicious, and the style is on the whole attractive: but still it is not what we should term a classical student's manual. *In such a manual we expect the authorities for facts to be given and a course of collateral reading recommended as illustrative of the original historians in each period*,—not a course of German reading, but of English, French, or German reading, the best that might tend to throw a light on the more ancient writings. The writer borrows largely from Heeren and other Germans, but he fails in giving those broad views of ancient politics which are often furnished by a single word or sentence of the illustrious professor of Göttingen. Heeren's work might undoubtedly be improved; but we think that Dr. Taylor has not employed the proper means to accomplish that desirable end.

An Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By Alexander Allen.

THE philosophical study of language appears almost unknown in this country. The barbarous grammars that still retain a wide and extensive circulation afford ample proof, if any were wanted, of the ignorance that prevails. Within the last few years a decided improvement has taken place. In Germany there have been works published, especially on the Greek language, which display a sound knowledge of the principles of philology, and of all the various forms which the words of the language have assumed in different periods. The names of Buttman and Thiersch must be familiar to every student, and the translation of MS. works of these distinguished scholars into the English language, has materially improved the method on which the Greek language is studied in this country; but while much has been done for the Greek, the Latin appears to have been almost totally neglected; we therefore have been much gratified by the perusal of Mr. Allen's work. It contains a sound analysis of the construction of the language, and an explanation of almost all the anomalies of its etymology. Though we may not agree with the learned author in every minute detail, yet we most fully concur in almost all his principles, and would recommend all scholars to peruse Mr. Allen's book, which will certainly instruct them in many particulars which have not heretofore been properly understood by English scholars.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

First progressive Latin Exercises,—adapted to Hiley's Grammar.

By R. Hiley. 12mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

First steps to Latin-writing,—adapted to the Eton Grammar. By

G. F. Graham. 12mo. Bailey.

It is an easy thing to turn over the leaves of a book on general literature, to get some crude notions of its contents, and to indite the results of so hurried a perusal. This practice is too frequently that of reviewers when writing recommendatory notices of school-books. Nothing requires talent and experience in teaching more than the writing of an elementary book. Merely to write a few exercises explanatory of a particular grammar, good or bad, is doing nothing. It is doing what is only one degree better than making boys commit to memory the dead formulæ grammar. To write a good elementary book on Latin-writing, and it is that which is so much wanted, the teacher should first consider the degree of receptivity usual with children, and the order in which the matter should be presented to young minds. In Mr. Hiley's book we find *fifty-seven*, in Mr. Graham's *fifty-eight* pages devoted to etymology only, without any reference to the construction of words in the most simple sentences. Now the opinion that we have always held in common with many teachers and literati of great eminence, about teaching

language, is that etymology and construction should go hand-in-hand, that children should in the earliest stages be provided with very easy examples of construction in short and connected sentences (such as stories or fables), and learn *simultaneously* the forms of the language. We do not depreciate the study of etymology, for it is indispensable. We recommend rather the adoption of an easy mode of imparting the knowledge.

Mr. Hiley's is by far the best of these books before us; but of course as we do not agree about the principle on which the books are based, the recommendation of either by us would be absurd.

FICTION AND POETRY.

Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination. By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." 3 Vols. 8vo. H. Colburn.

THE taste of the light-reading public is so vitiated by the wretched productions sent forth as fashionable novels that it becomes necessary for the writer—unless he has talent and influence sufficient to enable him to turn the tide of prejudice—to pander in some degree to these ill-regulated fancies in order to ensure success. We feel little interest about novels, for they are generally mere repositories of scandal and common-place, inculcating a very dubious morality; and it always costs us some pain in discharging this portion of our duty to our readers. An ordinary reader may drop a stupid book at the end of a few pages and send the whole to oblivion. Not so the reviewer, who wishes to perform his duties honestly. He must read it through in order to find out the little good that may be scattered here and there in its pages, in order that the best parts may be served up in the shape of extracts, or honoured with a laudatory comment.

In pursuance of our duty we were induced to turn over the leaves of "Mrs. Armytage," and we saw that in it which induced us to think it worthy of attention. The book has been read with much attention and with more pleasure than any novel that we have seen during the present year. The story is well put together. The characters are well drawn and consistent, and the moral is exceedingly good. There are many Mrs. Armytages in society. Some we have seen; and certainly we never saw any happy results from parental domination. Want of confidence and undue severity in parents is the cause of a large portion of the vice and imprudence of young persons. When a parent acts as a friend and sympathizes with the feelings of his children, they will take their tone of mind from his, and communicate to him all their feelings, views, and expectations. The early happiness and the entire prosperity of children depends on a good understanding between them, and on the complete absence of reserve on the part of the parents. These observations will show the principle that Mrs. Gore has endeavoured to unfold in "Mrs. Armytage," a work which for its moral deserves a place by the side of Miss Edgworth's best productions. All parents are recommended to read "Mrs. Armytage."

Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By C. WEBBE. Post 8vo. pp. 335. Smith and Elder.

THE volume before us is eminently illustrative of the fact that instruction and amusement may go hand in hand. According to the author's acknowledgment many of the papers have appeared before in various periodical publications; so that these at any rate cannot claim the merit of novelty. Still we are quite sure that the author will be "proven" to have furnished fitting amusement to those who would wile away an idle hour or seek relaxation from graver employments. The best of these stories, if we may give our own opinion, are "The Pimento Family," "My eccentric friend, Hippy," and the "Four Views of London."

Any extract that we could make from this amusing book must be brief. His elegant little paper on "Content" will not give a very incorrect idea of the peculiar turn of the author's mind.

"Content, 'thou art my lieutenant!' I have now and then, in the wantonness and ingratitude of my heart, cherished for a moment, or an hour, or a day, that moody and gloomy dissatisfaction, Discontent; but it is an ugly humour. Look at it, and you loath it. It puckers the lips, and twists the natural shape of the mouth, if handsome, into the shape of a vinegar cruet, which is ordinary; it pulls down the brows; lengthens the face; makes pits in the cheek; gives a Sir Andrew A—— severity of expression to the countenance, which frightens little children, who are great physiognomists; turns the sweet milk of humanity into a sort of unbearable curds and whey; and is altogether an ill-favoured, unsightly, and unhandsome indulgence.

"Besides these considerations, I have, so to speak, no reasonable reasons for discontent. Have I not every thing at my fingers' ends and about my feet, and within my reach, which can gratify man? I think so. It is for me that my opposite neighbours, the three Misses Stubbs (ugly, but well off), come out daily in all the glory of the rainbow and humility of the peacock; it is for me that they dress and bedizen themselves, and I acknowledge the genius of their milliner, and sometimes think seriously of her bill, and wonder how old Stubbs, who is but a hunk, submits himself to their extravagance. It is for me that the beauties of this great city (and where is the city that can exhibit more womanly loveliness?) walk abroad in May and June: I behold them with reverence and bachelorly devotion; for I have not yet warbled to the tune of 'Hail, wedded love!' and have never yet responded to that church service which begins with the words 'Dearly beloved' and ends with that ill-omened word, 'amazement.' But I am content, and still have a heart 'to let, coming in easy;' for 'cards of particulars inquire within.' For me the doors of taverns out of number gape their mahogany jaws, and invite me to walk in: for me the waiters stand ready to draw their white napkins in their right hands through their left hands; for me the larder is daily stored with flesh, fish, and fowl, the cod is crimped, the champagne iced, fruit-pies are kept cold, and that calf's-head has had a lemon between his tusks for these three days last past, and only waits my word to be dressed, and made meet and meat for me. When I grow weary with town-wandering, a carriage waits but the holding up of my hand, and a cry of 'coach!' and honest Jarvis (notwithstanding all the bad silver about him) draws up to the edge of the pavement, hoists me in, and I am wheeled and whirled off wherever I wish to go. If I desire to make a short cut into Surrey from the theatres, Waterloo bridge has been thrown across the river for me: it cost my too considerate countrymen too many thousands—the more their munificence and unsparing determination to do every thing to oblige me: I acknowledge their attention to my convenience, and drop a penny to Tilt, as a slight *douceur* for his civility in turning a stile to let me pass. St. James's Park was formerly a dirty duck-pond and a squashy cow-lair: it is now newly laid out and made cool, refreshing, and pleasant with shrubs, swans, and serpentine waters for my devious wandering and delectation. The Lord Mayor (no less a man) goes yearly, and every year in state from the good city of London to the tolerably virtuous city of Westminster—partly by land, and partly by water, being amphibious, that I may choose where I prefer to see the show, and behold him who is greater than 'Solomon in all his glory.' The Parliament-houses and play-houses are thrown open in their seasons, to gratify my alternate relish for politics and poetry. The king (God bless him!) goes to open the one in his best carriage and best clothes to gratify me; and would take it much to heart if I did not pay him the poor compliment of witnessing his state, and observing and acknowledging how rosy and hearty he looks, and how well he becomes his dignity—his dignity him. The managers open the others, and advertise me to 'come but and see' their Macready, and Ellen Tree, and Ma-

libran : for me that gentleman studies deeply and learnedly to perfect himself in his admirable art, which is so like to nature, and daily and nightly develops his true genius : the ladies enrapture my senses, thrill me with pleasurable emotions, stir my gentler passions, and send me home to my lobster supper too happy and gratified to eat, and then to bed, to dream over again the scenes in which they had so delighted me. Books are published almost hourly to instruct and please me : they are made cheap to suit my circumstances ; and comely to take my eye. For me Wilkie, and Etty, and Calcott, and the Landseers paint ; and Chantrey and Behnes chisel. The 'Morning Chronicle' is printed and published every morning, that I may know what news is stirring abroad and at home : if I am wrong in any political opinion, the editor sets me right : if I am indifferent to party, he rouses me up, and makes me a partizan. In the house Sir Robert Peel pretends to address himself to the Speaker, but it is to me that he speaks—it is me that he endeavours to convince—if he does not always do so, the fault is in me, not in his oratory.

"So much for town contentments. If I visit the country, Nature, the best florist and horticulturist in the world, places before me every object that can administer delight to my better senses. Rivers run in silvery splendour at my feet : flowers kiss 'the shadow of my shoe-tie ;' trees lend me their umbrellas or their parasols, just as it happens to rain or shine : birds troll their songs—the oldest national melodies, if not the best : the air is made fragrant with perfumes which no pastiles can imitate : fields, leading to some rural resting-place, invite me to tread their soft, cool carpets, which those of Turkey cannot rival : banks, rendered pliant and easy as velvet with three-piled moss of the richest green and gold, tempt me to repose in the shade. I agree not with the lamentable poet who said or sung that 'the sun shone not for him : ' on the contrary, I assert that that respectable luminary shines emphatically for me : the stars are equally good ; and the moon lends me 'all her light,' and borrows more monthly when that grows insufficient.

"These marks of perpetual attention to my wants and wishes, in town and out of town, breed in me (who am easily pleased, and thankful withal) such serious reasons for content, that I envy not the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and still be a grumbler and a malcontent."

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Edited by Boz.
London. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

WE have before us seven numbers of a work which has attracted no little notice in the world of wit, and which certainly deserves the serious attention of all laughter-loving mortals. These memoirs contain some account of the adventures of Mr. Pickwick, the founder, and Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass, three of the members of the club, in search, not of the picturesque, like Dr. Syntax, but of information concerning men and manners, for the instruction and edification of the members of the society. Of course the story is merely a frame-work in which to exhibit pictorial representations of the incidents which befel these gentlemen in the course of their travels. The comedy is interspersed with some occasional touches of tragedy, which we do not think by any means so felicitous in their execution as the lighter and more humorous parts ; and for poetry, at least poetry of a serious character, we recommend the author of these papers to eschew it for ever. To borrow the words which he has put into the mouth of the supposititious creator of the lines on the "Joy Green," when called upon to recite his offerings to the muse, "It's a very slight affair, and the only excuse I have for having ever perpetrated it is, that I was a young man at the time." The style of ideas brought into fashion by Monk Lewis, and sustained for a time by the vigorous pen and wild imagination of Barry Cornwall, has long since been forsaken under the influence of returning good taste, and consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets ;" and young poets should recollect that the uneven lines of Thomas

Moore are excused only by their exquisite matter, or by the skill which has rendered a deformity of metre pleasing to the ear, as a skilful composer will enhance the value of his harmonies by the occasional interposition of the harshest discords. But such liberties with the rhythm of verse may only be taken by the lofty spirit of genius or the practised hand of long-tried ingenuity.

Having thus blamed what we consider blameable, it is but just that we should offer our meed of praise. The scenes from life are sketched with considerable graphic power and rich humour, showing an insight into the mechanism of human actions, and a knowledge of the workings of that incomprehensible cause, the mind, which give a more interesting character to the fun and frolic of these racy pages than if they were mere farce unseasoned with the sharp relish of a strong satirical vein. A scene in mimicry of the *tranquil and dignified* proceedings of a certain great house, not a hundred miles from Westminster-bridge, is well worthy of perusal; and in short, if we were to particularize all that is good, we should give the numbers of all the comic chapters; and if we were to select a specimen of every variety of merry jest, we should reprint half of the contents. We give one extract, which will serve to initiate our readers into the mysteries of the Pickwick Club, and refer them to certain little monthly numbers which are displayed in green coats in the majority of the booksellers' shops we have passed for some time since. It should not be forgotten that the illustrations of the earlier numbers proceeded from the pencil of the waggish Seymour, but since his lamented and premature death they have been of course transferred to another operator.

The portion we have chosen is a description of the chain of untoward circumstances by which Mister Weller, boots of the White Hart in the Borough, lost his chance of inheriting his father's wealth.

"My father, Sir, vos a coachman. A widower he vos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt—wery smart—top boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'l'm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should invest the money—up comes the touter, touches his hat—'Licence, Sir, licence?'—'What's that?' says my father.—'Licence, Sir,' says he.—'What licence?' says my father.—'Marriage licence,' says the touter.—'Dash my veskit,' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.'—'I think you wants one, Sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit—'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large,' says he.—'Not a bit on it, Sir,' says the touter.—'Think not?' says my father.—'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'l'm'n twice your size, last Monday.'—'Did you, though?' said my father.—'To be sure ve did,' says the touter, 'you're a babby to him—this vay, Sir—this vay!—and sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, Sir,' says the lawyer.—'Thankee, Sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared vith all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes.—'What's your name, Sir?' says the lawyer.—'Tony Weller,' says my father.—'Parish?' says the lawyer.—'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there ven he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, he didn't.—'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he.—'Not know!' says the lawyer.—'No more nor you do,' says my father, 'can't I put that in afterwards?'—'Impossible!' says the lawyer.—'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'Put down Mrs. Clarke.'—'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink.—'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; she'll have me, if I ask her, I des-say—I never said nothing to her,

but she'll have me, I know.' The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and I never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. Beg your pardon, Sir," said Sam, when he had concluded, "but ven I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the vheel greased."

Lays of Poland,—by the author of the "Sea-wolf." 8vo. pp. 48.
Smith and Elder.

THIS little pamphlet consists of eight pieces of poetry, all corrected with the unsuccessful struggles of Poland. We need scarcely say that such a subject ought to arouse the spirit of the highest poetry. To entertain the sentiments of an indignant patriot is one thing;—to express with fitting dignity and pathos is another. The author entertains high and noble sentiments on the subject of ill-fated Poland; and he is not deficient in those qualities of mind and language which constitute the true poet. "The pyramid of bayonets" and Remona—very different in subject and style—are, we think, the best of these effusions.

By the way it may be à propos to notice here "The Anglo Polish Harp." The pieces in this book are termed *poems*. We spare their author and hope that they may speedily pass to oblivion.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

COVENT GARDEN.—The "cheap" theatre was the first in the field, having added to its wretched and ineffective company three actors of various degrees of talent:—Macready, W. Farren, and C. Kemble; the latter of whom was suffered to afflict the town with his feeble personations of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." The cast of the other characters in these sublime tragedies was quite in keeping with the mediocre performance of the hero—nothing could be worse. But as the theatre is *the cheap one*, we take it for granted the manager had made up his mind they were quite good enough for the low priced audience assembled to witness them. Suffice it to say, the mouthing of Mr. G. Bennet was relieved by the inanity of Mr. Pritchard, while Mr. Tilbury strutted as the representative of Polonius, working away with all his might to render the venerable gentleman a rich bit of low comedy and buffoonery.

That the authorship of the theatre might harmonize as thoroughly with the peculiar excellencies of the company as possible, "the English Victor Hugo," as Mr. Fitzball has christened himself, has been secured at a high price to produce a variegated mass of his peculiar excellencies whenever he is called upon so to do. His genius was not suffered to remain idle long, for on the 29th of September he brought forward a romantic melo-dramatic spectacle, called "The Hindoo Robbers, or the Leopards of the Jumna," which, from beginning to end, was as richly studded with absurdities as any drama he has yet produced. It was most deservedly and unequivocally condemned; but as it is from the pen of a friend of the manager, every attempt is still being made to thrust it down the throat of the innocent and unsuspecting public. As a set off to this revolting mass of trash, we are

gratified in being enabled to state that Macready played "King John" with all his wonted discrimination and excellence, being so ably supported by Charles Kemble in the chivalric "Faulconbridge," as to induce us to forgive him for the outrages he had committed on "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." Miss Helen Faucit was the representative of "Lady Constance," for which task she was wholly incompetent. The same week W. Farren made his bow in the "School for Scandal," Charles Kemble playing "Charles Surface." The remainder of the characters were sustained by a set of gentlemen, whose equals in point of histrionic talent are only to be found in a barn or a penny theatre.

The next novelty was the appearance of that over-rated tragedian, Vandenhoff, as "Adrastus," in the beautifully written tragedy of "Ion." This gentleman's lungs we think get stronger every season, and from the way in which he uses them, we should not be surprised if he was heard as distinctly outside the walls of the theatre as he is within them. A farce, entitled "Mutual Expense," a feeble translation from the French, supposed, from its extreme badness, to proceed from the pen of the manager, Mr. Osbaldiston, was summarily condemned. When nearly one third of this trumpery had been endured, and the hissing became loud and general, Mr. Osbaldiston consummated his good sense by coming forward and treating the audience with a long rambling story about a party having pledged themselves to damn the piece. This only increased the uproar, during which a policeman attempted with great violence to remove one of the dissentients in the dress boxes, which he did not accomplish. On the next morning the gentleman brought his assailant before Mr. Minshull, at Bow Street, who informed a Mr. Harris, Mr. Osbaldiston's *secretary*, that parties paying their money had an undoubted right to hiss whatever displeased them, and recommended the policeman to make an apology, which he instantly did, and thus the affair terminated. We take this opportunity of suggesting to Mr. Osbaldiston that if he must keep a *secretary*, there are plenty of lawyers' clerks out of employ who would write his letters cheap, and enlighten him on subjects like the preceding into the bargain.

DRURY LANE.—After a series of swaggering announcements regarding the decorations of the house and the extraordinary talent to be found in every department of the company, this newly adorned edifice opened on the 8th of October. It certainly has been redecorated in the arabesque style, and there is an abundance of gilding, foliage, cameos, masks, and dancing figures, besides a series of scenes from Shakspeare adorning the pannels of the dress circle. The *tout ensemble* is gay and lively, but trifling and insignificant; every ornament being unsuited to so large a building as Drury Lane. The style in which every embellishment is conceived and executed is fitted only for a small theatre like the Olympic, or some slight temple of Thespis erected for his own performances by some stage-struck nobleman.

The first novelty of the evening was the *debut* of Mr. Balfe in "Michael," in his own opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." This gentleman, although new to the English boards, is an old Italian stager, where, by dint of practice, he has acquired confidence and a certain

portion of grace and gaiety. His voice is sweet and flexible, but deficient in power. He sang throughout the night with great taste, and has repeated the part several times since with increased effect. A piece of vulgar balderdash, translated by Mr. Beazley, and called "Every Body's Widow," was remorselessly condemned notwithstanding the exertions of all the performers concerned in it. Then came an incomprehensible mass of mummery, called "The Grand Commemoration of Malibran," consisting of a series of scenes in which that great actress had been concerned, which Mr. Cooper, dressed in a new suit of black, was kind enough to illustrate by reciting a series of doggerel rhymes, and waving at intervals a very fine piece of white cambric, which the manager had supplied him with for the occasion. This gallimaufry was endured for a week, and was then withdrawn.

October 17.—This evening a crowded audience assembled to witness the first appearance of Mr. Forrest, the celebrated American tragedian. He selected for his ordeal the part of "Sparctacus," in which he had been preeminently successful throughout the United States. In this tragedy, called "The Gladiator," proceeding from the pen of a countryman of the actor's, a Dr. Bird, "Sparctacus," who has been made a slave, consents to fight in the arena upon condition that his wife and child, who had also been made slaves, should be purchased by his own master, and the revolt of the gladiators is brought about by the prætor trying to compel "Sparctacus" to fight with his own brother. "Sparctacus" then heads an army of revolted slaves, and is at first victorious, but finding his wife and child are slain, he rushes headlong into the fight and falls covered with wounds.

The tragedy, although possessing many scenes of intense interest, is, in point of composition, a very mediocre affair, and is deformed throughout with the coarsest vulgarisms, which the author seems to have mistaken for strength of language. The part of "Sparctacus," however, is a very fine one for the actor, as all the interest centres in him, and he is scarcely off the stage for a single instant. Some of the situations are very skilfully contrived; such as the discovery of his brother in the arena, and his brother's death. But the poverty of diction in which they were arrayed lessened their effects considerably. Mr. Forrest looked the "Gladiator" to perfection. He is one of the most muscular men that ever trod the stage. His attitudes are at times graceful, and always natural and energetic. His voice varies; sometimes it is full and melodious, and occasionally inharmonious and sharp, while his face is strongly marked but not flexible, or capable of conveying the multitudinous passions that agitate the human breast. Throughout his performance he convinced us he was a man of intellect and good taste. His style is decidedly melo-dramatic, but his action being subdued fits it for the embodying of the highest range of characters the legitimate drama can supply. Contemporary critics have compared him to Wallack; but Forrest is a *far superior* actor, and produces the most powerful effects when standing still and appealing calmly, or, with the energy of true passion, to the feelings of his auditors. Wallack, on the contrary, possessing nothing beyond the attitudinizing starts of melo-drama, would have

flung his arms out like the sails of a windmill, and dashed about from one end of the stage to the other, as if pursued by a flash of lightning.

We are glad to perceive by the bills that Forrest is about to play "Othello," which will be a fairer standard to try his merits by than the transatlantic tragedy of "Spartacus." He was most cordially received, and was called for afterwards and vehemently applauded.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"During the early part of this month (October), conservative dinners took place at Hereford and Northampton."

Have the Tories then at length discovered that Toryism is on its last legs, or, that in fact it is dying a natural death and has but a short time to live? if so—they are wisely making the most of it, as long as it shall last. At Northampton about 700—and at Hereford about 600 rallied under the glorious and never to be worn out banner of "The Bible and Crown." It used to be christened "The Church and State;" but the MARCH OF INTELLECT has rendered these phrases obsolete. To record the nonsense uttered on these occasions, is—

"A flight beyond the reach of art."

Suffice it to say, the principle topic descanted on was what one of the speakers chose to call "the tottering state of the present revolutionary government." After this rational proceeding each man took wine sufficient to enable him to "rally round the Altar and the Throne," and all parties reeled home satisfied that the proceedings of that day had secured the safety of "THE BIBLE AND CROWN."

It would seem an ungenerous preference not to mention, that there has been "a display" at Aylesbury, where Mr. Maceworth Praed (the *ci-devant* M. P.) exhibited himself to peculiar advantage. After spouting forth a most nonsensical panegyric on Lord Chandos, he concluded with the following eloquent peroration, which it would be criminal not to record.—"As the countryman cried to Burke, 'Ditto, Ditto,'—so will I to the noble Marquis say: 'Ditto, Ditto.'"

October. 2.—"In the published Lists of Game Certificates for the county of Derby are twenty-two names with *Reverend* attached to them, and in the Yorkshire list are to be found ninety-one!"

That country clergymen may be much worse employed than in destroying hares and partridges we do not hesitate to admit, and we fear that many of them are so—still these are not precisely the recreations we like to see gentlemen of their cloth indulging in. We speak it with due deference; but we think they evince a lamentable deficiency of common sense in these days of sectarianism, in thus furnishing to the opponents of the Established Church any opportunities of animadverting on the consistency of their conduct.—Surely they must be aware of the strenuous attempts that are now being made to purify the protestant church in all its departments:—why then are they not more circumspect in exhibiting a good example to the various flocks under their instruction and guidance?

That clergymen need a relief from the monotony of preaching, sermon-writing, and other clerical duties, we do not hesitate to admit; but we would not have them seek it in the sports of the field. Can they not enjoy the beauties of nature without seeking the destruction of the feathered tribe—or pursue a healthful walk without feeling an impetus to slay the first hare that steals timidly across their pathways? This surely is not so very difficult a

self-sacrifice to require of them. If any one of these "Game-Certificated Parsons" would but apply this piece of advice to practice, we predict that he will return to his home better satisfied with himself than when he set out.

Oct. 7.—"Louis Philippe reviews a Body of Troops at Compeigne."

THIS hopeful monarch, who at the commencement of his reign could perambulate his good capital of Paris in a plain undress, with a gingham umbrella under his arm, recognised by all his subjects, and perfectly free from every apprehension of assassination;—by pursuing a career distinguished alike by its treachery and despotism has attained to so enviable a state of unpopularity as to be obliged to take remarkably good care that he shall not be shot at successfully. The Review in question must have been a military pomp, affording his Majesty a great luxury, as, during the whole of the perilous delight of the day, he was so fearful of a stray bullet as to be so closely surrounded that but few of his "faithful subjects" could obtain a view of his Royal Person. His Guards were even ordered to keep back all who might attempt to approach him. Such is the retribution laid up in store for tyrannic kings or sovereigns who act with treachery towards their people. The continued apprehensions that Louis Philippe must experience cannot fail to be most agonizing. The curse will pursue him while existence lasts, embittering every moment, and calling down ample vengeance on the victims of his treachery. We hope that ere many numbers of this Magazine may have gone forth, France may no longer be disgraced by the dynasty of the Bourbons.

Oct. 12.—"In the Alterations now making in Whitehall, the Royal Pew will be placed in the very window out of which Charles the First walked to the Scaffold."

This must be a somewhat unpleasant communication to make to His Majesty, if ever he is informed of it, and there is a possibility of its occasioning him a few extraordinary sensations while in the exercise of his devotions. The convulsions that shake empires have latterly been of such frequent occurrence, that the people of this country—and indeed every other—are apt to look upon such a coincidence as the above in the light of an ominous event.—"We defy augury" and have no foreboding:—still we think that better taste might have been exhibited in the selection of a spot for the Royal Pew.—There certainly was no necessity for making the temporary resting-place of our respected and popular Monarch in the very pathway one of his Regal Predecessors was obliged to tread when doomed to decapitation.

Oct. 16.—DRAMATIC EMIGRATION.—The Contemporary Prints of this day furnish us with a tolerable *lengthy* list of English Actors and Actresses of every description who are exercising their callings in the United States of America. If Emigration is to be taken as the standard proof of a superfluity of population, what a huge surplus must there be of the Children of Thespis!—Theatres increase in this country; but they are still incapable of supplying with food those, whose existence depends upon them;—hence they ship themselves off to America—the New World being still in its infancy in regard to the breeding of Performers sufficient to supply the wants of the community.

Oct. 21.—A Great Meeting of the Tories takes place at the Mansion-House to enter into Subscriptions to erect a Statue in honour of the Duke of Wellington.

We have read over the Speeches made by these "Wise Men in the East;" and for the life of us we cannot discover what deeds the Duke of Wellington has recently achieved to entitle him to this distinction.—The chief ground of his Grace's distinction that we can discover from the *bourgeois* panegyrists, is, that he forwarded the Bill in the House of Lords for the re-building of London Bridge; and if this proceeding entitles a Nobleman to a Statue, every Peer who voted on the same side is entitled to a similar distinction. It is rather too late in the day to get up and talk about the Duke of

Wellington's military glory; which, by the way, the wealthy contractors who composed this meeting understood most about,—they having made colossal fortunes by the contracts given them by the Ministers who carried forward the wars in which Wellington was concerned with true Tory recklessness of blood and treasure. So far as regards the part which Wellington played in this great game of sanguinary contest and pillage, he has been most lavishly remunerated by his country. For some years past the military Duke's parliamentary career has been a continued warfare against the liberties of his countrymen. His hostility to the reformation of *every* abuse, however glaring and monstrous, has never for one instant slept; and it has been allowed by all parties, that his bigoted attachment to political corruption brought on the passing of the Reform Bill, and opened the door of those beneficial measures that have so pre-eminently distinguished the present Administration—we allude principally to the Poor Law—Corporation—and Commutation of Tithes Bills.

Should this Wellington Testimonial ever be erected, let the substance of these latter paragraphs be legibly sculptured on its base. Then future ages will be able to appreciate correctly which the inestimable blessings the Duke of Wellington has been the means of conferring upon his country.

Oct. 22.—“The King of the Belgians is at present at Paris. The ostensible motive for his visit is to talk over the marriage of the Princess Mary with Louis Philippe.”

There is an atmosphere in France that we suppose is particularly favourable to the germinating of political intrigue. It is very probable that the *ostensible* and *real* motives that actuated the visit of this pensioner monarch were widely different from each other. It must however be confessed that he is very well matched when pitted against Louis Philippe. The king of the barricades is we suspect *au fait* at every dirty trick of French diplomacy, and if the king of the Belgians really does out-manœuvre him, it will be something worth boasting of.

Oct 24.—“The students of Glasgow University talk of electing Lord Lyndhurst to be their next Lord Rector.”

“Oh what a falling off was there”—what a contrast do the memorable names of those great predecessors who so worthily occupied the Lord Rector's chair, afford in comparison with that of the leader of the Tory lords? Can the Glasgow students have forgotten Lord Brougham and Thomas Campbell, on whom they conferred this honour, and can they for one moment dream of profaning a spot rendered sacred by the solid learning and erudition of the one, and the exalted genius of the other, by the election of such a man as Lord Lyndhurst? Why his very name is synonymous with bigotry and oppression, his diminutive mind still reverences those ancient trammels and obsolete prejudices, which the more enlightened have long since cast aside with contempt and disgust. He does not even possess one redeeming trait in his *public* character, to warrant such a distinction; and as to his *private* virtues, the most brazen of our ultra-tory scribes has never had the hardihood to accuse him of possessing any.

GREAT DEGREE OF COLD BORNE BY THE HUMAN BODY.—In the winter of 1833—4, Captain Back and his party while residing at Fort Reliance on the Great Slave Lake were exposed to an average temperature of 33° (65° below the freezing point,) during the whole month of January, and on the 17th the thermometer was as low as 70°, (102° fr. pt.) On the 25th of January, the thermometer was at 18° (50° fr. pt.), and on the 26th it had risen to +22° (10° fr. pt.), while on the day following it fell again to 49° (81° fr. pt.): thus in the course of twenty-four hours an inequality of temperature of 71° had been experienced.

“On the 4th of February, (continues Captain Back,) the temperature was 60° (92° fr. pt.), and there being at the same time a fresh breeze it was nearly insupportable.—On one occasion after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was clotted with ice, before I had time to dry it.

GREAT DEGREE OF HEAT BORNE BY THE HUMAN BODY.—The duke of Ragusa in his travels in the East, states, that at the hot-baths of Kukurli at Broussa in Bithynia, (the natural temperature of which is as high as 183° to $189\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr.) he saw a Turk remain for a long time in a water-bath whose temperature was 165° Fahr. Dr. Jeng, an Austrian physician, also witnessed this remarkable occurrence.

SGRICCI, THE IMPROVISATORE.—This extraordinary man who died a short time since at Florence, in his thirty-eighth year, astonished his audiences at Paris, in 1824, by the recitation of numerous five acts Tragedies, among which may be enumerated his "*Bianca Capello*," and "*Morte di Carlo Primo*." Some of his dramas were afterwards printed, having been taken down by a short-hand-writer during their recitation.

SMOKING IN AMERICA.—It appears from a treasury report furnished to the American Congress, that the importation of cigars into the United States for the year ending September 30, 1835, was no less than 76,761,000; of which upwards of 75,000,000 came from Cuba.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.—By a return laid before the House of Commons, it appears that during the five years ending the 30th of September, last, 1,227 soldiers suffered corporal punishment—and during the same period, 332 marines underwent the same discipline: out of whom 242 were flogged a second time, and 44 a third time.

GLASGOW STEAM ENGINES.—There are in Glasgow and its suburbs 310 Steam-engines, viz. 176 employed in manufactories—59 in collieries—7 in stone quarries—and 68 in steam-boats.

RAIL-ROADS IN CUBA.—A rail-road passing through the most fertile parts of the Island, and connecting two of the largest towns is nearly laid down, and in the course of a few months will be in full operation. Don Miguel Tacón (the Governor) has placed a considerable number of convicts at the service of the managers of the road, so that the works proceed vigorously.

METHOD OF FATTENING HOGS IN MEXICO.—In large establishments devoted to this very useful purpose, a number of young persons who have been selected on account of the strength of their lungs are employed to *sing the animals to sleep*, and in the intervals of their slumbers, and of their meals these youthful vocalists are busily employed in appeasing the little jealousies and quarrels excited among their charges by dyspepsia.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE TRANSFER OF PLANTS.—An interesting improvement in the mode of transferring plants which thrive best in a humid atmosphere, has recently been communicated to the Society of Arts.—They are merely to be planted in a box, filled with moist earth, and covered with a glazed frame, rendered as air-tight as possible; some plants thus preserved, have just arrived from Sydney, and are yet found to be in the most flourishing condition.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE VINE.—By some recent experiment made on this plant, it is ascertained that if two inches and a half be deducted from the circumference of the stem, the capability of it will be equal to the maturation of 18lbs. of grapes for every remaining inch of growth.

ELECTRIC SPARKS VISIBLE FROM THE TORPEDO.—M. Linari during some recent experiments, obtained from a single torpedo ten sparks in succession, every one very visible and brilliant;—A small torpedo of four inches and a half in diameter furnished him with a long train of brilliant sparks. They were also obtained from a torpedo which had been kept three days out of the sea, but the brine of his tubs was obliged to be perpetually renewed. As far as M. Linari could ascertain, neither the age nor the sex of the animal made the slightest difference in the production of the spark.

ENGLISH TRADING VESSELS.—The number of these (exclusive of the royal navy) amounts to 24,280. The capacity of these vessels is 2,553,685 tons, and they give employment to 166,583 men and boys. The British empire also possesses 3,579 ships of 214,878 tons, and 15,059 men which belong to her colonies.

VARIETIES,

SCIENTIFIC AND AMUSING.

Chronometers.—Constructed with glass balance springs are now undergoing a course of trial at the Royal Observatory. — On comparing the glass with the metallic springs, it was found that while the loss in twenty-four hours in the gold spring was eight minutes four seconds, that of steel six minutes twenty-five seconds, and that

Palladium two minutes thirty-one seconds, while that of glass spring was only forty seconds.

Newspapers.—In England there are 274 newspapers, in France 234, in Prussia 288, and in the other German States 305, in Holland 150, in Russia and Poland 84, in Austria 82, in Denmark 80, in Belgium 62, in Switzerland 36, in Portugal 17, in Spain 12, and in Australia 9. In Europe there are published 2148, in America 1138, in Asia 27, and in Africa 12.

Fires in London.—The number of fires which have occurred in London within the last twelvemonths is 642, and the property thus consumed is estimated at nearly 1,000,000*l.*, only one half of which was insured.

These facts are gathered from the report book kept by "The London Fire Establishment."

Royal Printing Office at Paris.—This establishment contains the types of fifty-six founts of oriental characters, which comprehend all the known alphabets of the various nations of Asia, (ancient as well as modern). The consumption of paper in this office in a single year amounts to from 80 to a 100,000 reams per day, and the number of workmen regularly employed averages from 350 to 450.

Patronage of Artists in Russia.—During the stay of M. Horace Vernet in Russia, a Lieutenant General is said to have been attached to his person, and having expressed a desire to visit Moscow, the Emperor lent him his own relays by which he performed the journey between that city and St. Petersburg in thirty-six hours. He received numerous proofs of the Emperor's munificence, amongst others a suit of Oriental armour enriched with precious stones, and had commissions given him to the amount of 300,000 roubles. M. Tanneur, a Marine Painter, has also received an order to paint the "Russian Ports," for which he is to receive 150,000 roubles.

Rapidity of Flight of North American

Birds.—From a variety of experiments which have been made at different periods it appears, that the Hawk, the Wild-Pigeon and several species of Wild Ducks fly at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half—that is, at the rate of forty miles an hour—480 between the rising and the setting of the sun, and 960 miles in twenty-four hours.

Swallows fly at the rate of a mile in a minute, which averages 1440 miles in twenty-four hours.

Interesting Fact Respecting the Mastodons.—It has been remarked by De la Beche, and is in conformity with the received opinion of geologists, that the relative age of the deposit in which the remains of the mastodon maximus occur, has not been satisfactorily ascertained. Mr. Riddell however, in his "Remarks on the Geological Features of Ohio," relates that the tusk and decayed bones of an unusually large Mastodon were found about three years ago in a morass, near the Ohio canal, which from the character of the surrounding soil indisputably belongs to the group of modern formations. This fact tends to prove that the North American Mastodon became extinct in comparatively recent times.

Importation of Eggs from France.—Out of 73,000,000 of eggs annually imported into England from France, Germany, the Netherlands, Jersey, Guernsey, and other countries, France contributes 55,000,000. The import duty of French eggs landed in England is one franc fifty cents, consequently the annual sum received by the British Government from this source is nearly 500,000 francs.

Patients in Hospitals.—At St. Bartholomew's Hospital last year, 5275 in-patients, 7458 out-patients, and 15,137 casualty patients.

At St. Thomas's the numbers were 3165 in-patients and 20,627 out-patients, including casualties, making altogether, 53500 persons relieved in one year.

Middlesex Lunatic Asylum.—A parliamentary return furnishes us with the following statement.

Total number of patients admitted since 1831, 1183.—Readmissions 41, permanent cures 181, deaths 386, weekly charge for each patient during 1825, 6*s.* 5*d.*, which is reduced this year to 5*s.* 10*d.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The original edition of the *Antiquities of Athens*, by the celebrated Stuart, is now in course of publication, so arranged that each Edifice is complete in one Part or Number, with brief explanations of the Engravings; by this means the student can obtain the first authority in any particular order of Grecian Architecture, separate from the rest of a work of twenty-four guineas value, and now become very scarce.

A new Annual entitled the *Sacred Album*, with splendid embossed embellishments, by Messrs. Rock, is announced for publication in November. It is also calculated to serve all the purposes of an Album.

The *Book of Christmas for 1837*, descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season, will appear with the forthcoming Annuals for the New Year.

A New Drama called the *Dalesman*, in Six Acts, on the eve of publication is favourably spoken of in literary circles.

A tenth edition of Mr. Shaw Lefevre on the *Present State of Agriculture* is announced.

A third edition of Dr. Lindley's *Ladies Botany* is in the press.

W. Clay, Esq. M.P. has in the press a work on *Joint Stock Banks, &c.*

Just published, *The Botanist*, Number One, by Professor Henslow and B. Maund, F.L.S.

The religious World will have an interesting Work presented to them in a few days, under the Title of "*A Country Curate's Autobiography; or Passages of a Life without a Living.*" The following motto on its title page will convey some idea of its Contents.

Curo—curas—curavi.—*Var. Lect.* Curo—curavi—curas.

Translation.

"Cares are my lot, and cares have ever been—
A Curate I—"

An Essay on the Nature, the End, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts. Translated from the French of M. Quatremère de Quincy, by J. C. Kent, Esq. will appear early this Month, in a Demy 8vo. volume.

Mr. James M'Dowall, the Accountant, has just completed *A New and Practical System of Arithmetic*, adapted to the Merchant and Trader, giving a Series of Tables and Rules, whereby most of the Calculations in Business may be either mentally performed, or so abbreviated as to save half the time usually occupied.

W. B. Galloway, M.A. &c. has now put a Work to press, which has been the labour and study of many years, and will be looked for by the religious world with corresponding interest. It will be comprised in a thick demy 8vo. volume, and ready for publication in the course of next Month, under the title of "*Philosophy and Religion, with their Mutual Bearings.*"

The First Number of a New Work, by Mr. Osler, is now ready, comprising, with his Church and Dissent, the connexion of the Services of the Church for every Sunday and Holiday, the Catechism explained with reference to the Services, and a Series of Psalms and Hymns in illustration of them. To be completed in Twelve Monthly Numbers, under the title of "*Church and King.*"

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue will publish, in a few days, an enlarged edition of his interesting Work, entitled "*Marriage: the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty.*" Comprised in a neat foolscap 8vo. vol.